VOGUE



LONDON
SEASON

PARIS
FASHIONS

JUNE • 15 • 1934
PRICE 35 CENTS

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BIG BUSINESS WOMAN'S

REMINDER

Important conference this evening 9-10

Meet myself in warm rest-bath. Try out new lilac bath salts.
Answer no calls short of "fire!" Shed all major problems and
minor vexations in quiet waters. Balm my body with a creamy
soap. Lie perfectly idle and like it! Then observe new spring
in the old step, stepping out. Press foot into soft depths of
Cannon bathrug. Wrap-me-around-again in huge Cannon towel
tinted like hothouse apricots. Pat . . . blot . . . and
finally, rub. Admire ruby rush of school-girl color. What a
circulation treatment! And what terry, to aid and abet it!
I'll be needing more Cannon towels for hot weather, anyway.
Must look at the new ones tomorrow noon. . . .

Cannon towels — OF COURSE

And next day she came home singing, with an armful of "Melodie"—the new towel ensemble below. Melodie has black . . . which everybody is playing as the smart bathroom note . . . in its border, and the colors have a lilt of their own: Salmon, Jade, Maize, Orchid, Blue, or White. Approximate prices: Bathrug, $2.50. Bath towel, $1. Face towel, 39c. Washcloth, 19c. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

"It Could Happen to Any Woman!"



"We were breaking up, Ned and I, after two years. It was his decision to end our engagement, not mine. I simply couldn't understand it."



"Heartsick and worn out, I packed my bags for a stay at the seashore. New places, new faces would help me to forget."



"There were loads of attractive people there —two men and a stunning girl particularly. But they didn't ask me to make it a foursome. I looked too sad, I guess."



"Later they did invite me to play golf. But they actually left me standing on the 18th green while they stalked off to the club for refreshments. I put it down to bad manners."



"That night I went to the hotel dance, determined to have a good time and forget Ned. But not one of the men asked me to dance. It was pretty galling."



"Hurt and humiliated, I flounced off to bed and tried to knit myself off to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come. My nerves were on edge."



"In desperation I got up and dressed. Perhaps a walk under the cool stars would soothe my ruffled feelings. The night was simply gorgeous."



"I sat on a little knoll near the water. Then I overheard this: 'Oh, the Crane girl is attractive enough. Lots of fun—but her breath is enough to make you shudder. . . .' "



"Mortified and ashamed I hurried back to my apartment and gargled Listerine that very night. (Incidentally, there has never been a day since that I haven't used it.)"



"And what a difference it made! The following week at the hotel was one of the gayest I have ever had in my whole life. Dates? I had them to burn!"



"When I got home I pocketed my pride and called Ned up. 'If you want to know how changed a girl can be,' I said, 'come up and see me sometime.' He did."



"We took up where we left off and it wasn't long before Ned's ring was back on my finger. I'm getting my trousseau next week."

"Don't Offend Others!" Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis [*Bad Breath*]

Quit taking it for granted that your breath is always agreeable. It really isn't, you know. Anyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—without knowing it. Halitosis is principally caused, says a leading dental authority, by the fermentation of food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, pleasant, safe way to combat this condition is to rinse the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and overcomes its odors. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

SHALIMAR



GUERLAIN

VOGUE
June 15th, 1934

Vogue is published semi-monthly by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, $5.00 a year in advance; in Canada, $1.50 a year extra postage.

Vol. 83 No. 12
Whole No. 1486



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AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

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You have no idea how lovely your complexion can look and how cool you can be all summer until you own a dress with a white organdie collar like this one. Dotted swiss in white with navy, white with red, white with brown, white with black and navy with white. Sizes 14 to 42. (Shown at left). $10.95.

☆

Sleeves and necklines are seldom so thoughtful as they are in this charming embroidered voile. The bell cuffs and the lace edged surplice are as cool as they are flattering. In white with black, peach with white, powder with white, navy with white and white with brown. Sizes 14 to 42. (Shown at right). $10.95.



KEEP COOL IN COTTONS...BY

GOLFLEX

☆

AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY



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☆

Here's your sailor suit in a sheer embroidered version for real warm weather wear. The collar is authentic and white organdie trimming on voile is the coolest combination of the season. In powder with white, coral with white, maize with white, green with white and navy with white. Sizes 12 to 20. (Shown at right). $10.95.



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THE WELL-CAST SUMMER

WARDROBE

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SCHOOL AND CAMP NEWS

. . . a department in Vogue, conducted for parents who are interested in highlights of modern education . . . summer camps and schools . . . winter schools for children of all ages. Twice a month, SCHOOL AND CAMP NEWS reports news and items of unusual interest to parents . . . in the hope of offering a solution to the problems that confront mothers and fathers.

Vogue's School and Camp Bureau is conducted to give our readers authentic information about available schools and camps. For specific or detailed information, Vogue's School Bureau is at your service. Call or write Miss Marian Courtney, Room 1928, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Telephone: MOhawk 4-7500.

Day and Season Camp

On a cedared hillside of Powder Point, sloping down to the salt waters of Duxbury Bay, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, nestle the cabins of Camp Chappa Challa for girls. Chappa Challa offers a well-balanced program of summer activities . . . particularly a love for boats and sailing. Academic tutoring is available. The arts and crafts workshop is an extremely popular place, under the direction of skilled leaders.

During the summer, each camper has opportunity to visit points of interest, such as Plymouth and the houses of Miles Standish and John Alden. Overnight trips—afoot, by canoe or sailboat—bring a thrill of adventure. Horseback riding is provided—riding through the woods or on miles of the open beach.

Chappa Challa holds an annual fair, in the form of an entertainment and a sale of handicraft articles produced by the campers. The proceeds are voted by the campers towards an enterprise for children less fortunate than themselves.

Of particular interest are the day camp groups for children who are summering nearby on Cape Cod. Regular camp activities are available five days a week. Luncheon is supplied. This unique camping experience is valuable for the younger child who will some day go away to a camp or school.

Indian Lore and Health

In Green Bay, Wisconsin, lies Adventure Island . . . an island camp of unusual distinction for boys interested in a healthy outdoor life and Indian lore. The boys sleep in sunny cabins set amidst thousands of cedars and balsams. The daily life embraces duties and responsibilities on the part of the boy towards himself and the community.

The roster of a day's activities would make many an adult envious. There are swimming, diving, and water sports . . . trips, learning to know nature and woodcraft in their varied phases . . . boating . . . shop work, with an abundance of materials, making pirate chests, furniture, sailboats, Adventure Island kyacks . . . Indian craft . . . riding. Boys who have spent a summer on Adventure Island look forward eagerly to going back another year.

Painting in New York

Those interested in outdoor painting who have hitherto had to give up all thought of work while in the city, will welcome news that the Grand Central School of Art will conduct outdoor classes right here within the limits of New York.

The city affords a wealth of magnificent painting material. To mention a few . . . Palisades from Washington Heights . . . River and boat scenes from west New York . . . Lower New York from St. George . . . Manhattan from Brooklyn Heights . . . Central Park . . . Riverside Drive.

A studio will be provided where the students may work from their outdoor sketches, or assemble in case of bad weather. There will be a general criticism weekly as well as illustrated lectures on landscape.

A summer course in landscape and figure painting will be held also in Provincetown, Cape Cod, under the auspices of the school.

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CAMP NEWS

Learning to be Cowboys

In the heart of the beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains, five miles from Los Gatos, California . . . fifteen hundred feet above the sea and valley fogs . . . lie the distinctive buildings of Montezuma Mountain School. For the past twenty years, this school-home-community has advanced its educational ideas. Character building is the cardinal purpose of the school. Sound scholarship, helpful and industrious habits, active good citizenship are especially insisted upon. In an ideal location and climate, pioneer living is practised. No attempt has been made to do away with all hardships. The primitive conditions at the school do not always appeal to the boy who has been pampered, but he soon learns to love the life and recognizes it as tending to make a man of him sooner than an artificial environment of luxury could do.

This year, Montezuma Mountain School is running a summer camp . . . a cattle ranch, where the boys will be given the privilege of learning the interesting and fascinating art of being a cowboy. Besides the camp program, the boys will participate in all the Circle "M" Ranch activities. These include roping, rodeo horse show, and ranch lore. At the conclusion of the eight-week session, a cruise to British Columbia on one of the new Grace liners is being featured.

The Art of Living

The Danforth-Dunbar School, which will offer a year's intensive preparation in cultural, scientific, and practical arts for girls just out of secondary school, will open this autumn at Tiffany House, 2 Harvard Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

To acquire the graciousness of true hospitality, having had experience in all of its branches; to work with various types of equipment for ease and satisfaction in accomplishment; to know the foods a family requires and how to buy and prepare them; to learn how to entertain in the accepted modes of the day; to study the science of motherhood and the care and training of children; to decorate a home around one's own personality, having recognized what that personality needs; to understand art and the period to which it belongs; to discriminate among the books on the reading list; to be able to choose and appreciate a play; to listen to music and understand its message; to ascertain one's best mediums for expression and enjoyment; and to interpret the true meaning of life are the purposes and training of the Danforth-Dunbar School.

New Athletics Plan

Howe School owes its inception to John Badlam Howe, whose liberal bequest to the Episcopal Church for the purpose of Christian education was utilized in 1884 in the establishment of a school for boys.

Located at Howe, Indiana, Howe School is a military boarding-school, developing individuality and teaching boys the difficult lesson of self-discipline. Classes are kept small, so that an intimate contact is formed between cadets and teachers. A Junior Reserve Officers' Training Corps is maintained under the direct supervision of an officer detailed by the War Department at Washington.

There is a short daily military drill during the autumn and spring. Ample provision is made for outdoor exercise and recreation. In the autumn of 1933, a changed plan for athletics was put in force. This plan is designed to interest every cadet in some type of sport or game, and give every boy the opportunity to become familiar with activities which he may carry on for many years after graduation. It is an interesting development, breaking away from too much competition, and allowing each boy to carry on the sport he likes best.

The activities offered have been volley ball, boxing, wrestling, badminton, handball, indoor baseball, and gymnastic exercises using the usual apparatus. Time for these exercises has been so fitted into the academic schedule that it does not conflict with the time set aside for Varsity and Company Team practice in baseball and track.

SCHOOLS ABROAD

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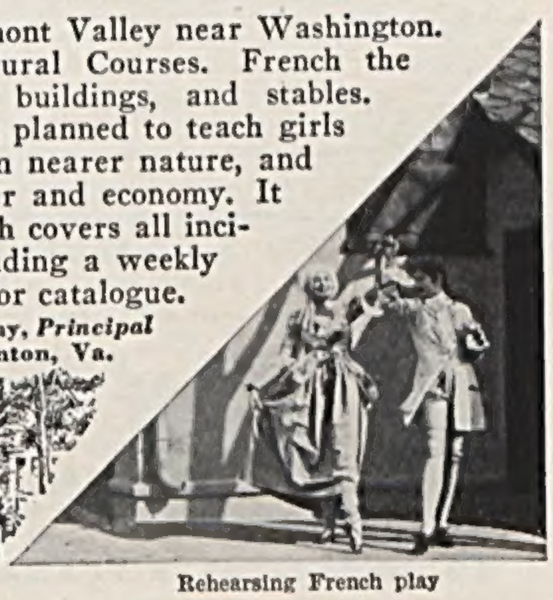
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SOCIETY

BIRTHS

NEW YORK

Gaillard—On May 9, to Mr. and Mrs. William Dawson Gaillard, junior, (Katharine S. Miller), of Scarsdale, New York, a son, Peter Gaillard.

Mills—On April 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Seward Mills (Cynthia Conway), of Darien, Connecticut, a son, David Conway Mills.

Nield—On April 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kelsey Nield (Elizabeth Swift Ogden), a son, Ogden Nield.

Nott—On May 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence H. Nott (Janet Lawton), a son, Charles Cooper Nott.

Osborn—On April 21, to Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall Osborn (Marie L. Montgomery), a son, Thomas Montgomery Osborn.

Pell—On April 29, to the Reverend Walden Pell, second, and Mrs. Pell (Edith Minturn Bonsal), of Middletown, Delaware, a daughter.

Phelps—On May 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phelps (Rosalie Greenleaf Bailey), a son.

Ramsdell—On May 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Ramsdell (Evelyn J. Yerkes), of Oyster Bay, Long Island, a daughter.

Richards—On April 29, to Dr. Rowland Richards and Mrs. Richards (Jean McL. Phillips), a daughter.

Ross—On April 29, to Mr. and Mrs. John William Ross (Alice Humes Winter), a son, William Leftwich Ross.

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Chilton—On April 27, to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Chilton, third, (Nancy Maxwell Ruffner), a daughter, Nancy Ruffner Chilton.

Hall—On May 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus W. Hall (Llewellyn Mathews), a daughter.

DULUTH

Marshall—On May 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morley Marshall (Kathryn Barclay McDougall), a son, Alan Newell Marshall.

FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

Johnson—On May 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Edmund Johnson (Mary Jo Conaway), a son, William Ernest Johnson.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

Hendrixson—On April 1, to Mr. and Mrs. La Rue Hendrixson (Harriet Millet), a daughter, Clare Elizabeth Hendrixson.

Sarber—On March 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taft Sarber (Charlyn Morrison), a daughter, Rosalie Starr Sarber.

PHILADELPHIA

Hoopes—On April 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Worthington Hoopes, junior, (Mary Culbreth Sayre), of Wayne, Pennsylvania, a son, Wilmer Worthington Hoopes, third.

Steinmetz—To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Janney Steinmetz (Lois Duncan Foley), of Germantown, Pennsylvania, a daughter, Lois Duncan Steinmetz.

White—On April 18, to Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson White (Mary L. Sailer), a son, William Wilson White, junior.

SAN ANTONIO

Carter—On April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Cassins Carter (Eloise Carr), a son, Richard Randolph Carter.

Johnson—On April 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Johnson (Virginia Martindale), a daughter, Jo Ann Johnson.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Davidson—On April 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Davidson (Mary Kirk), a son, David Kirk Davidson.

WEDDINGS

NEW YORK

Allen-Dillon—On April 30, Mr. Philip Elsworth Allen, son of the late Charles Allen and the late Mrs. David Percy Williams, and Miss Dorothy Anne Dillon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dillon, of New York and Dark Harbor, Maine.

Bacon-Pyne—On June 9, in Trinity Church, Princeton, New Jersey, Mr. Robert Ogden Bacon, junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ogden Bacon, of New York and Newport, Rhode Island, and Miss Agnes Landon Pyne, daughter of the late M. Taylor Pyne, junior, and Mrs. Pyne, of New York.

Edey-Kellogg—On April 24, in Grace Church, Mr. Maitland Armstrong Edey, son of the late Alfred Edey and Mrs. Edey, and Miss Helen Winthrop Kellogg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Woodruff Kellogg.

Ketchum-Stiger — On April 28, in Trinity Episcopal Church, Hewlett, Long Island, Mr. Morris Ketchum, junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ketchum, of Flushing, Long Island, and Miss Isabella T. Stiger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Stiger, of Hewlett.

Tilney-Gawtry—On May 3, Mr. Robert W. Tilney, of New York, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John S. Tilney, and Miss Olive Van Rensselaer Gawtry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gawtry, of New York and "Southdown," Lloyd Harbor, Huntington, Long Island.

BALTIMORE

Stewart-Cochran — On May 11, in Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, Mr. Redmond Conyngham Stewart, junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. Redmond C. Stewart, of "Skyfield," Eccleston, Maryland, and Miss Ann W. Cochran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Cochran.

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Carmichael-MacCorkle—On May 12, Mr. Harry Saint George Tucker Carmichael, junior, and Miss Margaret Lyle MacCorkle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Goshorn MacCorkle.

DULUTH

Richmond-Bertram—On April 27, in New York City, Mr. William Richmond, of New York and Little Compton, Rhode Island, and Mrs. Mary Baldwin Bertram, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baldwin.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Linderman-Sidles — On May 9, in Portland, Oregon, Mr. Glade Linderman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ora Linderman, and Miss Mary Sidles, daughter of Mrs. Harry E. Sidles.

SAINT JOSEPH, MISSOURI

Bristol-Platt—On May 9, in the First Baptist Church, Saint Joseph, Missouri, Mr. Fayette Ingalls Bristol, of Grants Pass, Oregon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Carleton Bristol, of Detroit, Michigan, and Miss Esther Desire Platt, daughter of the late Edward Leon Platt and Mrs. Platt.

SAINT LOUIS

Jones-Bond — On May 5, in the Church of Saint Michael and Saint George, Mr. Herbert Norman Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Norman Jones, and Miss Jane P. Bond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bond.

SAN ANTONIO

Breit-Buck — On May 19, in Saint Paul's Episcopal Church, San Antonio, Texas, Lieutenant John Martin Breit, U. S. A., and Miss Nancy Long Buck, daughter of Major-General Beaumont Bonaparte Buck and Mrs. Buck.

SANTA BARBARA

Heany-Fithian — Mr. John William Heany, of Santa Barbara, California, and Miss Dorothy Fithian, daughter of Mrs. A. Stow Fithian, of Montecito, California.

Lazear-Dreyfus—Mr. W. H. Lazear, of Los Angeles, California, and Miss Constance Dreyfus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis G. Dreyfus, of Santa Barbara, California.

TAMPA

Mason-Mahoney — On April 5, Mr. Park C. Mason, son of the late Henry Edgar Mason and Mrs. Mason, of New York, and Miss Adelaide Mahoney, daughter of the late Jack T. Mahoney and Mrs. Mahoney.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

de Lavigne-Gizycka—On April 14, in London, England, Mr. Dudley de Lavigne, brother-in-law of Viscount Castlerosse, and Countess Felicia Gizycka, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Medill Patterson, of Washington, D. C., and of the late Count Joseph Gizycki.

Eno-Paz—On April 18, Mr. William Phelps Eno, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Alberta Averill Paz, of New York.

Gilmor-Robert—On April 7, in Saint John's Church, Washington, D. C., Mr. Robert Gilmor, junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilmor, of Smithtown, Long Island, and Miss Elizabeth Stark Robert, daughter of Captain William Pierre Robert, U. S. N., and Mrs. Robert, of Washington, D. C.

Howell-Birdsall—On May 19, in the Bethlehem Chapel, Washington, D. C., Mr. Elbert Jerome Howell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holmes Howell, and Miss Mary-Stuart Birdsall, daughter of Dr. Gregg Custis Birdsall and Mrs. Birdsall, of Washington, D. C.



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Nesmith



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SEIGNIORY CLUB

Although Repeal has given us certain liquids which used to lure many Americans to Canada during Prohibition, the international summer colonies at various Canadian resorts have become so popular in their own right that old devotees will return with new friends to make this season gayer than ever. The famous Seigniory Club in the province of Quebec has planned a very interesting series of events for the whole season. Early summer events in the program will be the Cruiser Races between American and Canadian yachts and cruisers on the broad Ottawa river, which faces the Club buildings, starting on the Canadian Holiday, July 1, and continuing through our own Fourth of July. Following the races, the annual Aquatic Carnival will be held on July 7 and 8. The Seigniory Club's pool is a building unto itself, with a large sky-light in the arched roof and tall French doors on two sides allowing for a maximum of light. In the evenings, unique submarine lighting gives a colourful brilliance to the pool.

Then, just to mention two other attractions, there are the thirty-odd lakes and streams owned by the Seigniory Club that offer ideal sport during the fishing season, and golf on the Club's beautiful course.

OBERAMMERGAU

High up in the Ammer Mountains, a spur of the Bavarian Alps and but two hours from Munich, lies the quaint little village of Oberammergau. Since 1634, its pious citizens have enacted the famous Passion Play every ten years (with one exception) in compliance with a vow made by the village elders in 1633. The occasion for making the vow was the grave situation caused by a terrible plague which was sweeping Europe at the time and which had already stricken half the inhabitants of Oberammergau. According to the records, not a person died of the disease after the elders took the solemn oath—"henceforth to keep the Tragedy of the Passion every ten years." An added feature this year will be a Prologue play depicting these events.

This is not the year for the play (the last was given in 1930 and therefore the next would take place in 1940), but it was decided to give the play in 1934 as a thanksgiving for deliverance from the great tragedy three hundred years ago, and to "provide an occasion for renewing the vow made in the hour of trial."

The Prologue and the Passion Play, which had their first performance this year on May 20, will be presented approximately twice a week until September 23—always on Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays. The spectators must arrive on the day preceding the performances, in time for supper at one of the small inns or private homes to which they have been assigned. Next morning, every one is up bright and early, because the plays commence at eight o'clock. Except for a two-hour lunch period, they continue through the day and are concluded at six o'clock. The tourist spends another night in this peaceful spot and, after breakfast the following morning, reluctantly returns to the hurrying world on the other side of the surrounding mountains.

JUST TO KEEP POSTED

TENNIS: Men's Invitation Turf Court tournament, Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, Long Island, June 30 to July 4.

FLOWER SHOW: Newport Casino, Newport, Rhode Island, July 4 to 8.

NEW HAMPSHIRE (Cont.)

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NEW HAMPSHIRE (Cont.)

White Mountains—Jefferson

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NEW JERSEY (Cont.)

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Long Island—Sayville

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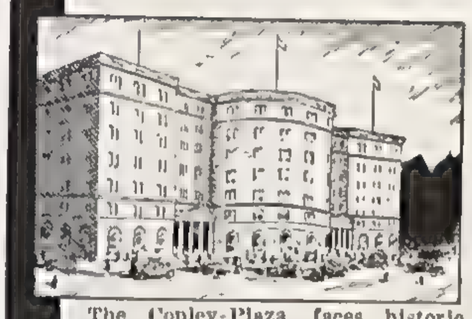
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JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
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LEFT FIGURE
The Shouldaire—two suits in one! *A concealed necklace tie* converts a perfect-fitting swimming suit into a smart sun suit. The shoulder straps may be dropped with complete modesty for a lovely even coat of tan. Women's 4.50 to 7.50. Misses' 3.95.

LEFT CENTER
The Brä-Lift—the modern "spirit of uplift" in a swimming suit. This model completely meets the demands for natural body lines and assumes beauty without accentuation. Women's 5.00 to 8.95. Misses' 4.50.

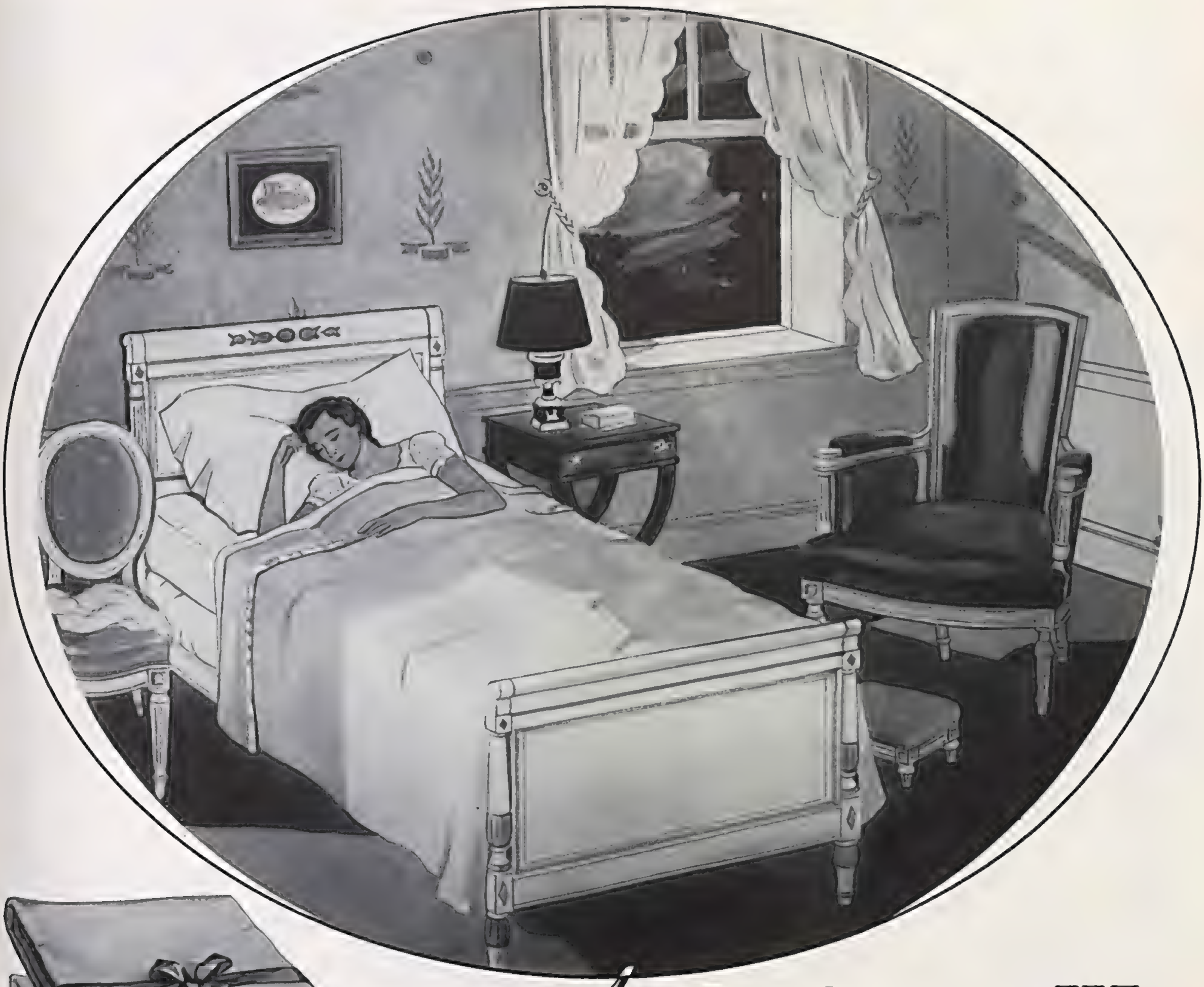
RIGHT CENTER
The Basque Kerchief—an exclusive Jantzen creation that combines smartly tailored trunks and uppers in the newest vogue. Uppers in Basque striping—elastic stitch assures perfect fit across the bust. Women's 5.95. Misses' 5.50.

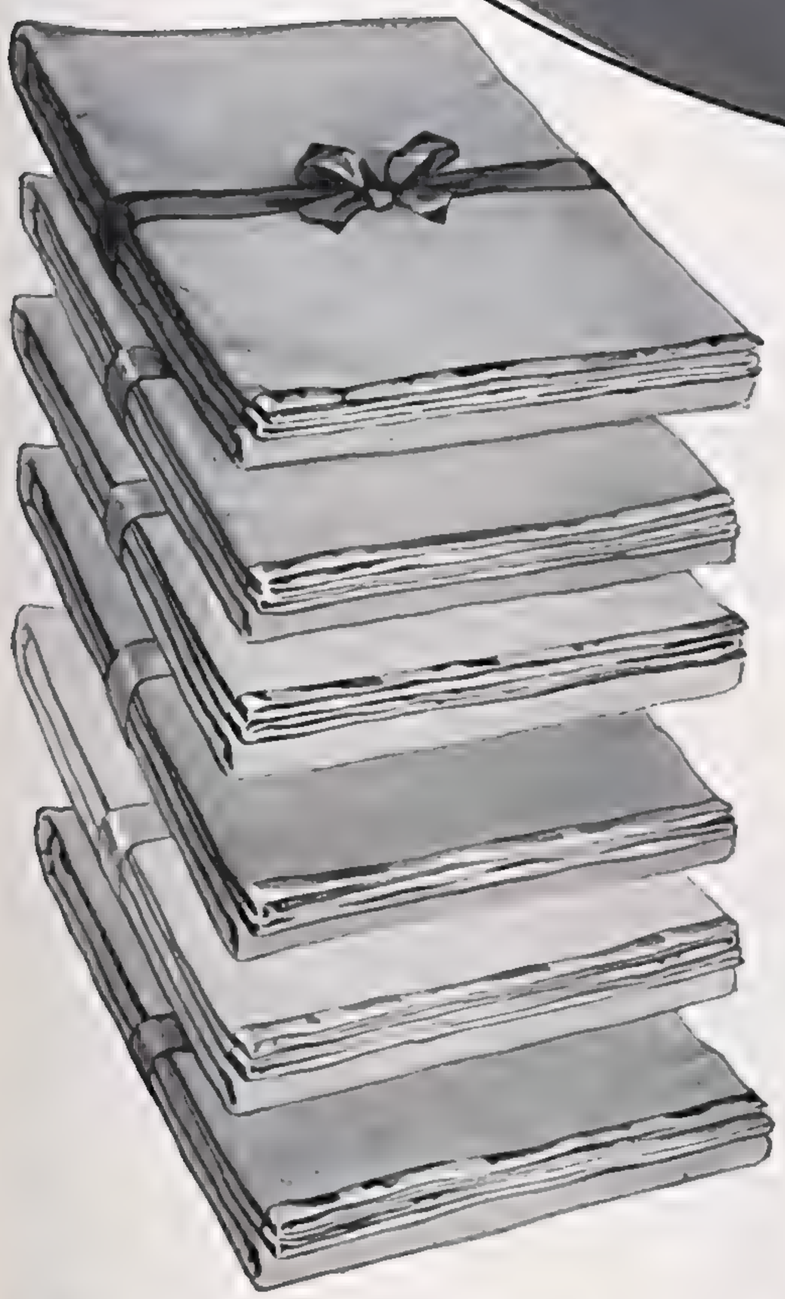
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CHATHAM *Summer Blankets*

Vogue's address

Here are dozens of concentrated little messages, each one charged with dynamite for the woman who knows good value when she meets it. Refer to Vogue's address book for help with your shopping problems. The services and shops listed here are well worthy of your confidence.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR removed safely and permanently by well-known authority on electrolysis. Personal attention. Free consultation. Mrs. R. W. Dibble, 140 East 40th St., N. Y. C. Caledonia 5-5612

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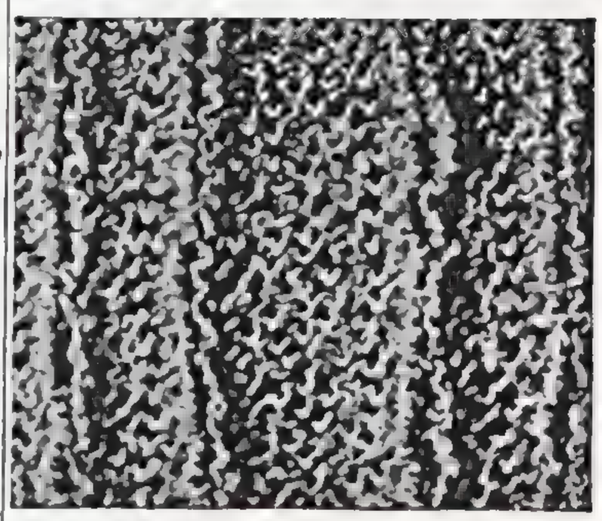
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Vogue Covers

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BUSVINE, 4 Brook Street, W.1.—Lovely clothes of all types.

ENOS, 103 Mount Street, W.1.—Grand clothes made to order on a grand scale. Though Enos is an English tradition, Miss Enos herself is an American and understands American taste. Particularly good for tailored things.

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GEENE GLENNY, 128 New Bond Street, W.1.—All the models by Denis Glenny, who is making a name in the film world as a designer.

NORMAN HARTNELL, 10 Bruton Street, W.1.—A famous English designer from whom you'll get clothes with his distinctive stamp on them. Very successful with picturesque evening and court gowns.

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ROSEMARY, 62 Brook Street, W.1.—French models, also dresses designed here to suit English life.

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ANNE TALBOT, 35 Berkeley Square, W.1.—Tip-top clothes. There are beautiful tailor-mades, and afternoon and evening clothes as well.

VICTOIRE, 30a Sloane Street, S.W.—Lots of lovely French models.

THE MISSES WILSON, 57 Grosvenor Street, W.1.—Dressmakers par excellence. Lovely afternoon and evening things particularly.

But if, on the other hand, you find yourself lost without your favourite French couturier, you will find the following have branches in London, where they duplicate their Paris Collections:

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60 Grosvenor Street,
W.1.
Schiaparelli,
6 Upper Grosvenor Street,
W.1.
Worth,
3 Hanover Square,
W.1.
Paquin,
39 Dover Street,
W.1.
Callot Sœurs,
7 Buckingham Gate,
S.W.1.

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MARJORIE CASTLE, 18 Berkeley Square—The clothes sold in this shop are of American manufacture, and delightful clothes they are, too, in a charming setting. This shop is a real friend for visiting Americans in search of quick purchases.

DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY, 27 Wigmore Street—Rather the Saks-

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Fifth Avenue of London. Distinctly lady-like things. Ready-made and made-to-order.

FENWICKS, 63 New Bond Street—A very modern, up-to-date speciality shop. Quite moderate prices.

FORTNUM AND MASON, 181 Piccadilly—Excellent suits and coats at around 8½ to 9½ guineas.

HARRODS, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge—One of the best large department stores in London. A good source not only for ready-made clothes, but also for general shopping. Have lovely made-to-order clothes, also.

JAY'S, 251 Regent Street—A very fine shop with excellent ready-made clothes, as well as a grand made-to-order salon.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE, Oxford Street—One of the best large speciality shops in London.

HARVEY NICHOLS, Knightsbridge—A very nice large speciality shop with well-selected ready-made clothes.

H. J. NICOLL, 114 Regent Street—Inexpensive ready-to-wear sports clothes. Very good "Younger London" department for amusing accessories.

RICHARD SANDS, 187a Sloane Street—A very nice little shop. Excellent for sports clothes.

WOOLLANDS, 95 Knightsbridge—One of London's better shops. You'll like the clothes here.

SPORTS CLOTHES

AQUASCUTUM, 100 Regent Street—Excellent for sports coats, suits, rain-proofs, tailored dresses, tweeds, and jumpers. Ready-made or made-to-order for about the same reasonable price.

MARGARET BARRY, 64 New Bond Street—An intimate little shop where you can get de luxe tweeds, sweaters, and blouses. Mostly made to order, but also ready-made models.

W. BILL, 93 New Bond Street—One of the best spots in London for tweeds—lovely Irish and Scotch ones that "smell" their quality. Excellent sweaters, also.

ROBERT DOUGLAS, 21 New Bond Street—Sports and riding accessories, sweaters, unusual sports clothes. A shop owned by Mrs. Freddie Cripps, one of the most famous horsewomen in England, who also has grand ideas about clothes. Mostly ready-made.

FINNIGANS, 17 New Bond Street—Heavenly sports things, ready-made or made-to-measure. Excellent for sweaters and tweed suits. Particularly clever about colours.

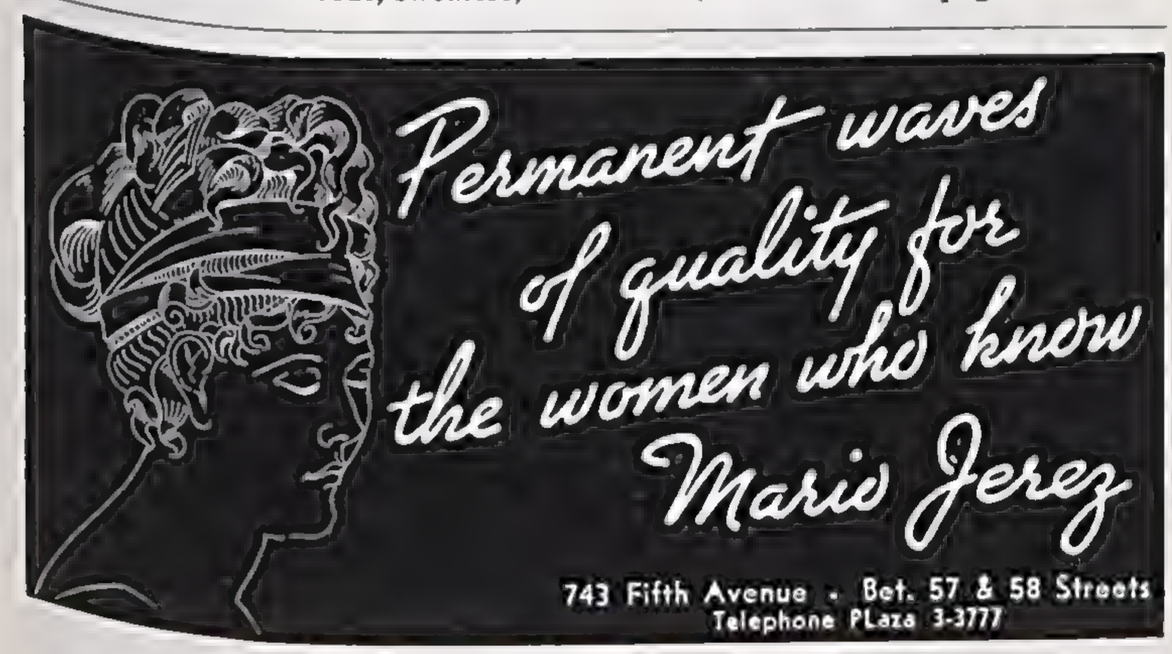
FORTNUM AND MASON, 181 Piccadilly—You can't miss Fortnum's if it's a good sweater or typical English sports clothes with superior chic you're after. Excellent ready-made things, but this shop also tailors to order.

HENRI-MAWDSLEY, 33 Conduit Street—A joint shop. The famous Henri tailors to order and the likewise famous Miss Mawdsley designs her inimitable sports clothes, sweaters, and accessories—the duplicate of which you won't find anywhere.

HERD AND WALKER, 174 Piccadilly—Not quite so well known as some of the other shops, but you'll find grand knit things here for both men and women at very moderate prices. They also do women's sports blouses and men's shirts to order.

IZOD, 44 Conduit Street—One of the smartest men's shops in London that has recently turned its second floor into a sports shop for women. Grand for sweaters, suits, and smart accessories. Dressing-gowns and pyjamas, too. Almost entirely made-to-order.

JAEGER, 352 Oxford Street—There are a (Continued on page 16h)



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THE GOURMETS' GUIDE

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RESTAURANT LA RUE—480 PARK AVENUE. For quality and service. Luncheon music every day. Dinner dancing 7:30 to 1 A.M. Where Park Avenue dines early or late. Volunteer 5-6374.

RESTAURANT VOISIN—375 PARK AVENUE at 53rd Street. The oldest little restaurant on Park Avenue. For reservations Telephone Plaza 3-8074.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN RESTAURANT—Rendezvous of the literary and theatrical world. Luncheon, Cocktail Hour, Dinner and After Theatre Supper. 59 West 44th St. Reservations VAnderbilt 3-2500.

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EL CHICO, 80 Grove St.—Authentic Spanish food, wines, waiters, entertainment, music, furniture & decorations. Dancing & dining from 5:30 to 2 A. M. Dinner from $1.50 and $2. Tel. CHelsea 2-4646.

SCHRAFFT'S, 556 Fifth Ave., has always been a good place for luncheon, tea, dinner, supper. Now it is a smart, convenient place to meet friends for cocktails. They are as good as the distinctive food.

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THE BARCLAY—111 East 48th Street. The Barclay Cafe—most attractive of all the bars. Popular before luncheon, at cocktail time, and after the theatre. Soft music, delicious hors d'œuvres.

VOGUE COVERS LONDON TOWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16g)

number of Jaeger shops dotted about London, all of which have grand sports clothes (mostly ready-made) at quite reasonable prices.

LEATHERCRAFT, 42 Berkeley Street—Very good sweaters designed by Alex Lord, who presides over the shop. Also good sports frocks and suits. Famous for water-proofed suède suits that smart Englishwomen love for shooting and hard going. Both ready-made and made-to-order.

LILLYWHITES, 24 Regent Street—Nothing but sportswear, chiefly ready-made. Rather the Abercrombie and Fitch of London. Very snappy and up-to-date.

DIGBY MORTON, 6a Palace Gate—One of London's rising young designers who is at his best on tailored and sports clothes. He dresses many of London's smartest. Entirely made-to-order in the grand manner.

SPORTSCRAFT, 169 Sloane Street—Sports clothes with real distinction. Annette Simpson, the well-known American designer, has recently become associated with this house, so you will find American ideas transplanted via inimitable British fabrics with beautiful English tailoring.

STONEHENGE SPORTSWEAR, Henrietta Street—Hand-knitted jerseys and simple tweed suits.

WORTH, 221 Regent Street—On a slightly less grand scale than their other establishment in Hanover Square, which duplicates the Paris collection and is made-to-order only. In this shop, you can buy ready-made good sports (also day and evening) clothes at possible prices.

LADIES' TAILORS

BRADLEYS, Chepstow Place—Among the most famous of English tailors. Really perfect tailored suits.

HENRY BRIDBURG, 32 George Street, Hanover Square—Has French models.

DERRYLS, 54 Knightsbridge—Beautifully made classic tailored suits, coats, dresses, ensembles, blouses.

HENRI-MAWDSLEY, 33 Conduit Street—Henri does tailor-mades par excellence.

TAUTZ AND CURTIS—Excellent for very severe, man-tailored suits.

FURS

BRADLEYS, Chepstow Place, W.2.—One of the most famous places in London for furs. And, of course, you know London is the greatest fur market in the world. You couldn't make a better investment than a new fur coat while you are in England.

BUSVINE, 4 Brook Street, W.1.—One of the best houses anywhere for furs.

FORTNUM AND MASON, Piccadilly, W.1.—Excellent for furs.

ISOBEL, Regent Street, W.1.—Not only a famous dressmaker, but also a great designer of furs.

JAY'S, Regent Street, W.1.—A very smart shop with very good furs.

MARCO, 20 South Molton Street, W.1.—Furs only, and very smart.

REVILLON FRÉRES, 180 Regent Street, W.1.—A name that needs no comment.

HATS

MISS FOX, 34 George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.—Very exclusive shop. Extremely soignée hats. Prices are from 3½ guineas.

HARRODS, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge—The model hat department is worth trying. Prices here are from about 21s.9d. up. Also an excellent inexpensive department on the ground floor, where prices are 12s.9d. to 15s.9d. and 18s.9d.

JEFF, 17 Berkeley Square, W.1.—Jeff is quite a character in London and does really clever hats. Prices from 3 guineas.

MADAME KOSKY, 4a Sloane Street, S.W.1.—Really good hats, including many French models. Prices from 2 guineas.

BARONESS VAN LENNEP, 21 Queen Street, W.1.—Distinguished hats—French models, beautifully copied.

JOHN LEWIS, Oxford Street, W.1.—Surprisingly good, inexpensive hats.

SCOTT'S, 1 Old Bond Street, W.1.—Traditionally, one of the best spots in London for hats. You can get any type of hat here, but this shop is particularly good for sports hats. Prices begin at about 2 guineas.

AAGE THAARUP, 4 Berkeley Street, W.1.—A Scandinavian gentleman with a genius for hats. Prices begin at two guineas.

ZYVA, 12 Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1.—Charming and very individual hats. Mostly their own designs. French models, too. Made-to-order from 2 guineas.

SHOES

Of course, you'll want some shoes made as only the English bootmaker can make them. They will cost you around 6 guineas a pair, but they will keep their shape and classic style for years. The leading custom bootmakers are:

Black and Smith, 30 Davies Street
James Box, 45 Conduit Street
G. W. Bunting, 47 Dover Street
Fox and Fox, Ltd., 54 Conduit Street
Hellstern, 11 Old Bond Street
Henry Maxwell, 9 Dover Street

All do men's, as well as women's shoes and make superlative riding-boots. For the latter, though, Maxwell is perhaps the most famous. All the great polo players get their boots from Maxwell. If, on the other hand, you're in a great hurry and need shoes quickly, you will find very good ready-made ones from about a guinea at the following:

Fortnum and Mason, 181 Piccadilly
London Shoe Company, 116 New Bond Street
Pinet, 47 New Bond Street
Rayne, 58 New Bond Street

RIDING-HABITS

AQUASCUTUM, Regent Street, W.1.—Beautifully tailored riding-things made to measure, from 10 guineas.

BUSVINE, 4 Brook Street, W.1.—A favourite place for riding-things. Tailored habits for children, as well as grown-ups.

A. W. COBB, 10 Sackville Street, W.1.—Superior tailor.

ROBERT DOUGLAS, New Bond Street, W.1.—Riding-accessories only, but very good ones, because the shop is run by Mrs. Freddie Cripps.

FORTNUM AND MASON, Piccadilly, W.1.—You can get beautiful habits here—ready-made if you wish—but this is one thing you really should have made to order. Fortnum's riding-things for children are famous, too.

MOSS BROTHERS, 8 Savile Row, W.1.—Among the best of riding-habit tailors.

WILLIAMS AND CLEAVER, 10 Clifford Street, W.1.—Superlative riding-clothes, well tailored.

CHILDREN'S SHOPS

BARRI, 33 New Bond Street, W.1.—Typically English things for children. Also an excellent infants' department.

FORTNUM AND MASON, Piccadilly, W.1.—Excellent for children's shoes, sweaters, coats, and skirts.

EDMUNDS ORR, 3 Duke Street, W.1.—One of the leading children's outfitters in England.

EVANS MAY RAY, 11 Conduit Street, W.1.—Another of the leading children's outfitters in England.

JACK AND JILL, 44 Church Street, Kensington—A shop out of a story-book. Clothes that will make your children look like a picture.

MADELEINE KEYES, 168 Ebury Street, S.W.—Charming things for children.

DANIEL NEAL, 3 Portman Square, W.1.—Everything for a child's wardrobe.

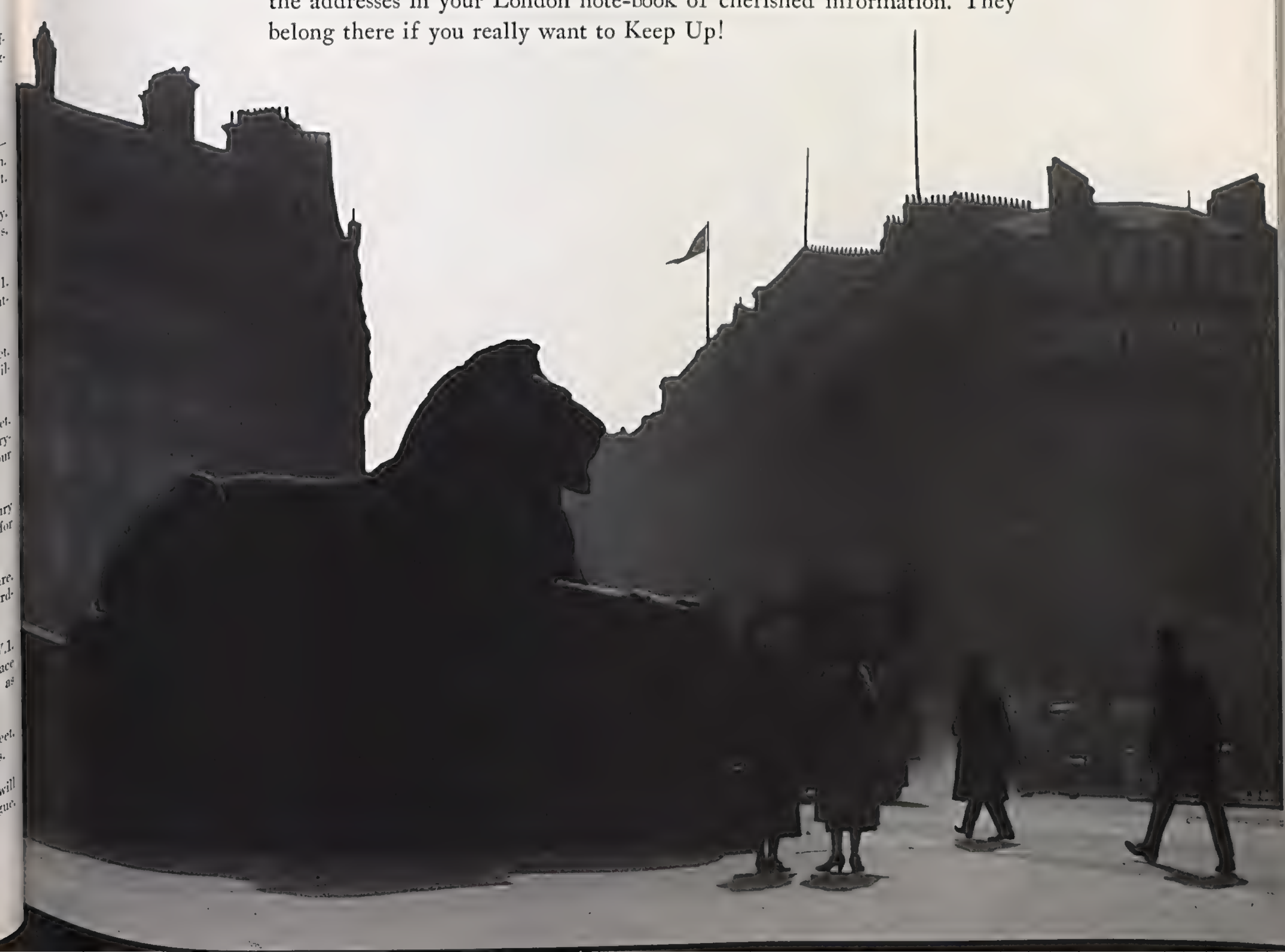
ROWE, 106 New Bond Street, W.1.—Tailors to children. A good place to take your schoolboy, as well as your schoolgirl daughters.

WENDY, 16 North Audley Street, W.1.—As enchanting as it sounds.

• (More good London addresses will appear in a future issue of *Vogue*, for the benefit of travellers.)

British Portfolio

London is a Man's Town? You'll find no one to deny it; or be blind to the fact that where men are, women are bound to be. Fashionable women, noble women, who demand the best in life and all its amenities. London is not only the great grey smoky city of history; not only Trafalgar lions and Houses of Parliament and hoary bridges. Not only the home of kidney pie and ale, of flower-stalls, of bobbies, and red-coated guards with towering black busbies. London is a town of infinite charm to moderns, and a source of original chic. Some of the loveliest and smartest clothes (besides and beyond tweeds and ghillies) are designed, made, and worn there. Part of the proof lies in the British pages in this issue, which not only extol material values, but reflect much of the endearing atmosphere of London life. Look at them carefully—and put the addresses in your London note-book of cherished information. They belong there if you really want to Keep Up!



LEATHERCRAFT

42 Berkeley Street
London, W. 1



STUDIO SUN

SUEDE, very supple and light, is used by Miss Alex Lord in her newest design for race meetings, and mornings. The tailored dress is cactus blue and the finger length coat is a rich darkest brown with blue hat and gloves.



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HARROGATE

An Isobel Creation in Fine White Russian Ermine Skins showing the latest effect in Fox trimming.



Horst



MATITA adds a Coat of white linen—floral printed with collar and revers padded and quilted, to a skirt of plain black linen and a blouse, light and white, finished with a crepe-de-chine bow in black. **MATITA.**

MATITA

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HORST

EACH Liberty model gown exemplifies the artistic perfection and exclusiveness for which this great house is so widely noted. Indeed Liberty's leadership in dress design has never been more marked than it is to-day. The gown illustrated here is a Liberty creation in dark red silk, the lower part of the skirt being formed by intricately cut frills.

LIBERTY

Liberty & Co., Ltd. : Regent Street : London, W.1

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LONDON

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BY APPOINTMENT

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FOR TRAVEL

ILLUSTRATED above is a Palm Beach cruising coat of rich hand woven tweed. The charm of this coat is the delightful loose texture of the fabric which is ideally suited for its somewhat military style. The lapels and collar button close to neck if desired. It has a half belt at back. The colour is off white.

Price 10 gns.

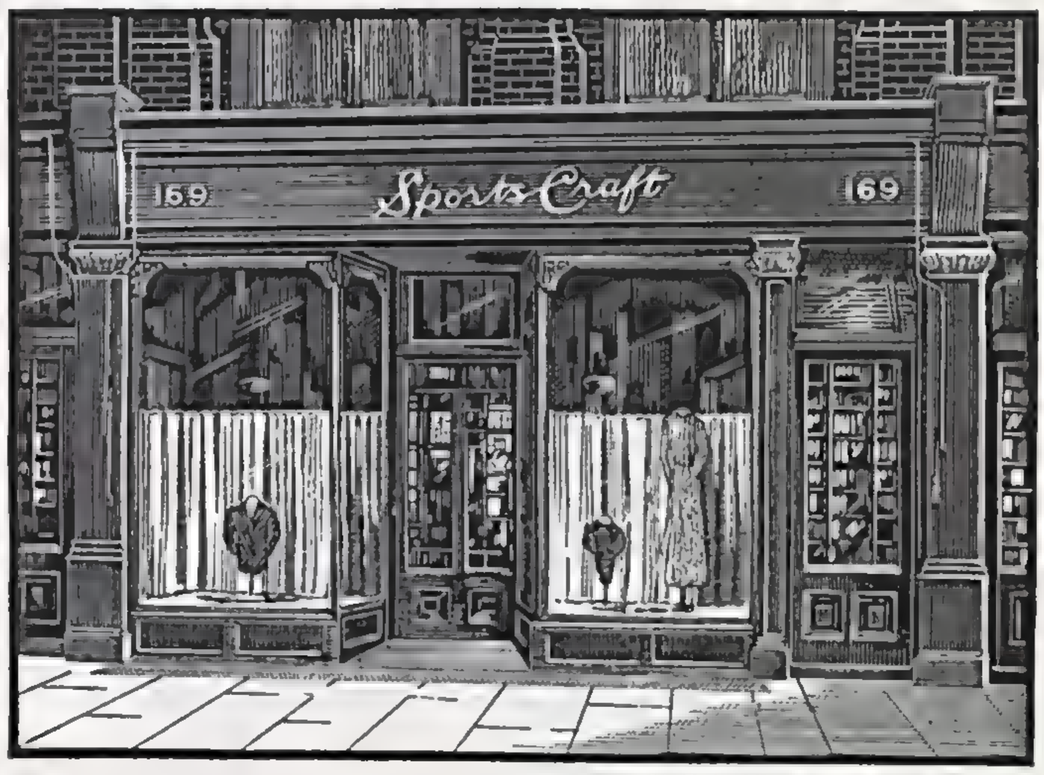
Also available in other materials and colours from **8 gns.**

FOR SPORTS

THE ensemble illustrated on the left is, we think, as nearly ideal for Sports and Travel occasions as can be devised. The suit is the famous SCUTUM weather-proofed suit of all wool West of England cloth, and the coat is a beautiful Swagger in real Harris Tweed. The photo amply expresses their unobtrusive charm.

The suit is priced from **8 gns.**
The coat from **7 gns.**

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LONDON



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Annette Simpson

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VOGUE

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IS PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH

JUNE 15, 1934

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NELSON

AT ALTMAN'S, YOU WILL FIND THE EVENING DRESS WORN BY THE LADY THAT BENITO SKETCHED FOR THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE. AND WHAT A DEVASTATING, SEDUCTIVE GOWN IT IS! CUT WITH A SIMPLICITY THAT BESPEAKS THE MASTER HAND OF ITS DESIGNER, MOLYNEUX, IT'S MADE OF A ROUGHLY CRINKLED CRÊPE IN THE DELICIOUS NEW COLOUR MOLYNEUX CALLS "GERANIUM," AND IS WORN WITH A CAPE OF OSTRICH FEATHERS THAT FOAMS AROUND YOUR SHOULDERS AND HALF-WAY DOWN YOUR BACK

THERE ARE THREE VOGUES
AMERICAN, FRENCH & BRITISH
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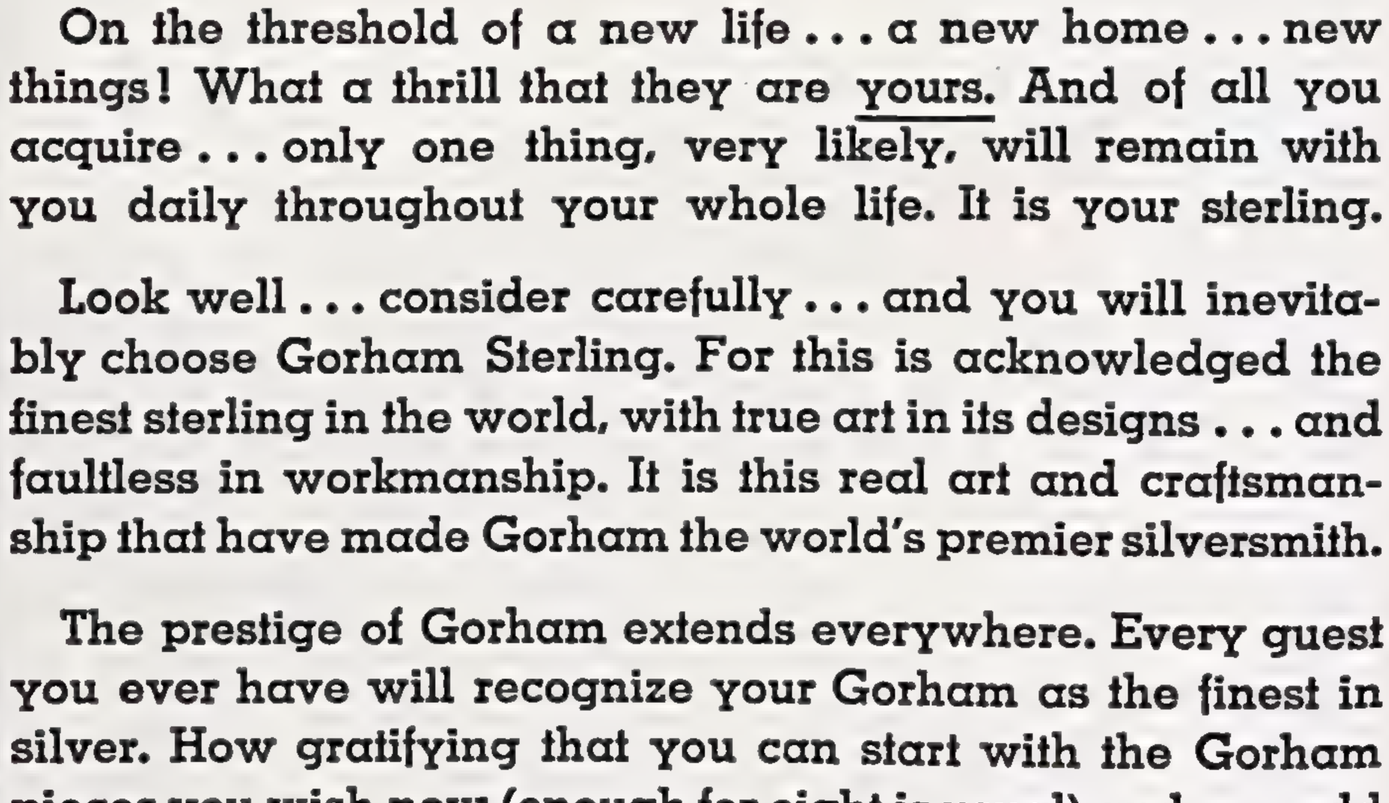
EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE — EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE THREE VOGUES

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On the threshold of a new life . . . a new home . . . new things! What a thrill that they are yours. And of all you acquire . . . only one thing, very likely, will remain with you daily throughout your whole life. It is your sterling.

Look well . . . consider carefully . . . and you will inevitably choose Gorham Sterling. For this is acknowledged the finest sterling in the world, with true art in its designs . . . and faultless in workmanship. It is this real art and craftsmanship that have made Gorham the world's premier silversmith.

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It is important today to choose everything well . . . but nothing is so important to you as sterling . . . your daily companion for life.

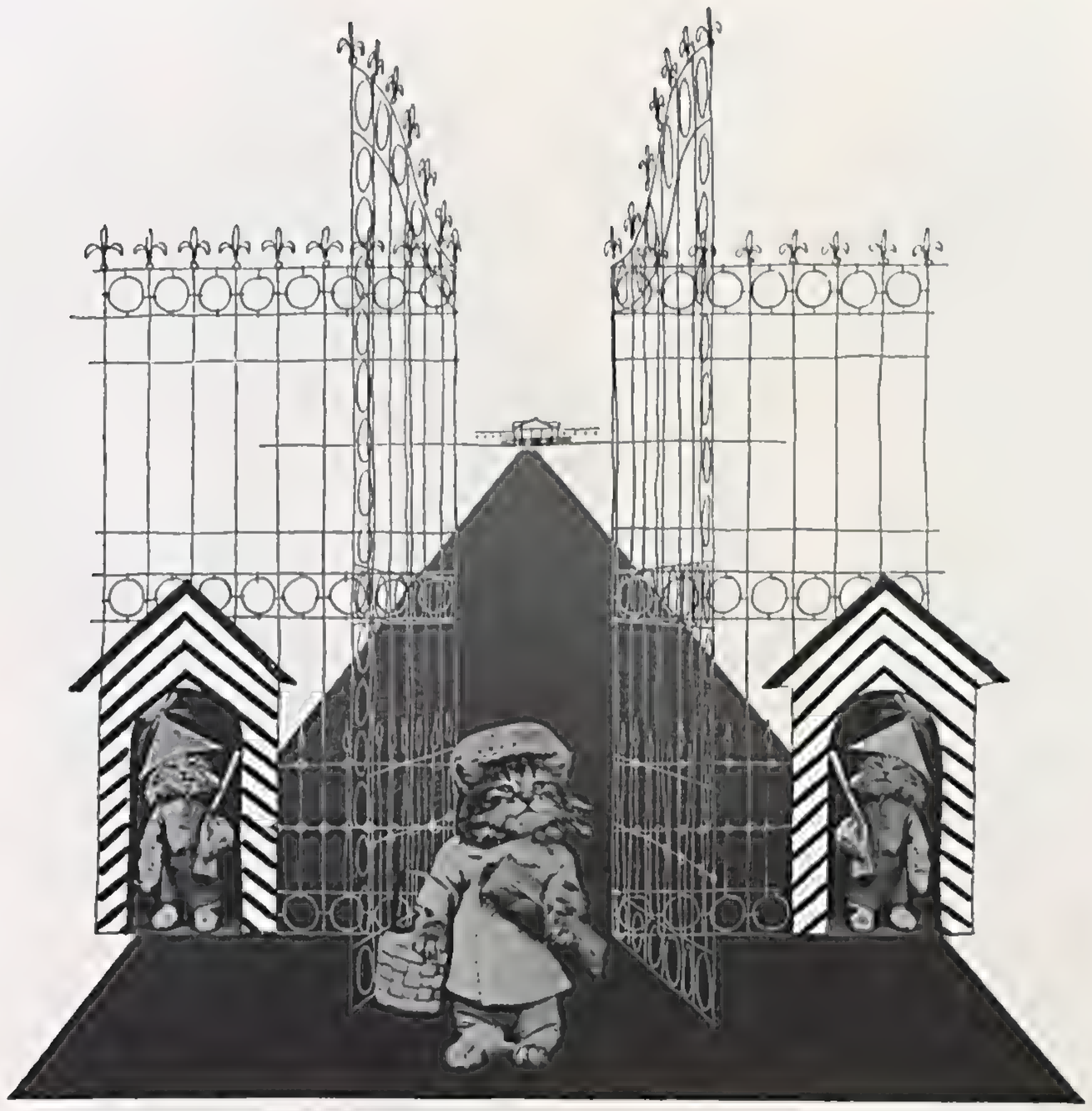
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Vogue's eye view of the mode

"PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-cat, where have you been?"
"I've been to London to look at the Queen."
"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there. . . . ?"

• Well, to put it in a nutshell, I discovered that London was almost the most fascinating town in the world to-day. I have a friend who can tell why better than I can—Lee Creelman, the artist-wife of our artist Erickson. This is what she writes us:

• "Did you like the London drawings? Eric tried to make them as English as possible, and to avoid any feeling of French chic—for some reason, too much chic looks rather fast in London. Few of the women are smart, really, but one feels they don't need to be, and that's a relief. Long earrings, things in the hair—even fresh flowers—bare shoulders, feathers, and all the men in white ties make London look like a gala every night. My impression of London is of flowers and gaiety. It's so gay! I say it with a break in my voice, because we haven't seen anything like it in years. The theatres and restaurants are crowded every night, and people actually look happy. We went to Quaglino's Grill one night, and the Prince of Wales was there. Eric wanted to make a sketch of him, but every one pretended not to see the Prince, and Eric didn't want to stare." Could anything be more British?

• Yes, there seems to be no doubt of it. That grey old noble city on the Thames has a new lease on life, and there's just about everything but dancing on the streets.

• On pages 56 and 57, we take you across the Channel to Paris—a city swayed by violent politics and momentarily deserted by its chic inhabitants, who have gone to their country retreats for the summer months. But even Stavisky and that exodus can not spoil the perfection of the city's visible pattern, the tenderness of its skies, the intimate romance of its crooked streets, in which one feels—at any time—that something quite untoward and marvellous might happen. Paris is the City of Infinite Possibility; and a cosmos where Taste, in everything from a sauce to a painting, is the potent God.

• London dominates this issue, because it is now the absolute peak of the English season: the time of Ascot, of the Derby, of Courts and Tattoos, of punting on the lazy Thames and tea-ing on the lawn. Much of this we give you in this issue, interspersed with Paris fashions, a New York wedding, the Kentucky Derby, a beauty hide-out in Maine (see pages 66 and 67), and our invariable miscellany of small amusements that should keep your mind off the heat and any other dire problems.



CECIL BEATON

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET



Début—English Style

BY ROSAMOND HARCOURT-SMITH

ON some rasping afternoon in a backward March, when sitting before the fire you display to your ribald friends the baroque beauties of your mother's photograph album, you will certainly light upon a camera-study, yellowed as a mediaeval missal, of palms, plumes, and a pinched waist voluptuously silhouetted against a stormy background: it is your mother in her first Court gown.

The photograph is the success of the afternoon, but as you smile with the rest at dead elegance, a panic chill seizes your young heart —your own first Court is but two months away, and how are you to accommodate your Picassoesque beauty to the armour prescribed by a tyrannical Lord Chamberlain?

How can three white feathers and that wisp of tulle with which you perpetually mourn the Prince Consort, look anything but absurd on your modern shining head? Would you be expelled from the throne-room if you wore the plumes pinned flat on one side? Suppose you fall over your train, or split your gloves; suppose, oh horror!, you drop your bouquet as you curtsey! The risks of humiliation seem endless, and two months all too short a time in which to conjure them. To-morrow, you must ring up Miss Vacani about curtsey lessons.

The menace of your ordeal mars your Lenten gaieties, but by the end of April, you begin to be enraptured by the beauty of the dress you have chosen—your early fears leave you, and, with every fitting, you see yourself more clearly as the most talked-of débutante of the year. The family feathers, disinterred from layers of tissue-paper, have been recurled (for who has ever been known to buy *new* feathers?) and your aunt has lent you her grandest string of pearls.

The fatal afternoon arrives, and in cynical sunlight, you put on your courtly splendours. The feathers prove, after hours of hysterical adjustment, to be divinely becoming, and the elegance of your train nearly makes you weep. A hundred times you curtsey to your lovely image in the mirror, until you almost have housemaid's knee; royally you sweep downstairs, and in the drawing-room give audience to a crew of proud and doting servants. Your uncle in his ambassador's uniform, they say, certainly looks a treat, and the splendour of your aunt (who is to present you) makes them feel that there's Nothing Wrong with England, but for you alone are reserved their fondest and most awestruck glances.

As you enter the Daimler, a sweep kisses his hand to you, and your triumph is assured. Your elation is so great that the long wait in the Mall passes like a flash; from the admiring comments of the crowd, you realize that your feathers do not seem incongruous in the evening sunlight and that in the long line of cars no débutante looks so well as you.

Your uncle is not quite as happy as you are; the delay combined with the constriction of his gold-lace collar has rendered him a trifle peevish, and it is therefore with a double sense of relief that in the light of the setting sun, at length you reach the Palace. Naturally, the interior in no way conforms to your preconceived ideas of its regal splendours. The decoration is at once more human and the objects in it far grander than you had imagined.

The throne-room is a shimmer of white and gold, beneath the soft light which drips from

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET (on the opposite page) is the second daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, who is Lord Chamberlain to Queen Mary's Household. The Duchess of Rutland is her grandmother, and Lady Diana Cooper is her aunt. Worth designed the distinguished court dress that Lady Elizabeth is wearing. It is made of yards and yards of billowy white tulle

the glistening lustres is a forest of trembling white plumes, a garden of bouquets, a treasury of tiaras and exotic decorations. But amidst all this brilliance and elation, there is one comfortless reflection; namely, that however lovely the women may look—for once, nothing can exceed the splendour and magnificence of the men. In spite of their professed contempt for "dressing-up," these gilded creatures seem completely at home in their scarlet and white or blue and gold splendours.

Suddenly there is a ripple of excitement, swords rattle, and a forest of white plumes rises as Their Majesties, attended by a glittering company, are announced. The Court begins.

Far ahead, you hear the ushers announcing the names of foreign ambassadors; surely it will be midnight before your turn comes! But soon you are asked to take your place in the waiting file, and before you have had time to give yourself a last mental rehearsal, you are but two dowagers away from your supreme moment. Miraculously, your early fears leave you, and as in a dream you know that you are making the most graceful curtsey of the evening. You look up as you rise to your feet, and see Their Majesties benevolently bowing back to you, the King's uniform on fire with orders and the Queen exquisitely regal.

A young man stoops and sweeps your train over your arm, another whispers fiercely "Come along please," and, before you know what has happened, you are out in the corridor, a grown-up person already embarked on a brilliant social career. It is only when you go back and take a seat near the dais that you recover consciousness and are able to pick out celebrities from the confused and glittering crowd and watch the rise and fall of white plumes in endless rhythm before the throne. When the last curtsey has been made, you hurry into the corridors to watch the Royal procession leaving

• The débutante just below is wearing a dress from Norman Hartnell, a famous Court dressmaker of London. It is made of pale blue satin

• At the lower right, you see the critical moment of the final fitting at Isobel's—another great Court dressmaker. Dress of white satin





the throne-room. As Their Majesties in magnificent state pass down the long lines of their guests, there is a bowing and a sweeping of feathers in homage. The splendid spectacle brings loyal tears to your eyes, which are not yet dry when your aunt carries you off to the Savoy to supper.

In the cloak-room, you take off your feathers with reluctance and see them parked with sixty-five other sets in a snowy line suggesting that a regiment of seraphim have grounded their wings. An obliging attendant snips off your train from your shoulders, and you step back from your fairy-tale into reality.

As you drink your champagne, you confess to your aunt that you long to go to Court again next year, and she, who never lets slip an opportunity for sound advice, remarks, "In that case, my dear, there is nothing for it but to see to it that next year you are presented on your marriage!"



• The ladies at the left are a débutante and her mother at the photographer's, after the Court. The débutante's dress is of frilly tulle, her mother's of gold lamé, and both are from Jays'

• The end of the great occasion comes when the débutante goes on to a supper party and, before she goes in to the Savoy, parks her feathers and train in the cloak-room. Her dress, from Maison Ross, is of stiff white slipper satin, with a tulle petticoat



KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY GO TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN THEIR GOLDEN COACH



CHAMPION AND OLDEST TOWN CRIERS IN ENGLAND



THE "PEARLY KING" AND HIS COSTER CHILD



THE TROOPING OF THE COLOURS

PORTRAIT of LONDON

BY JAMES LAVER



PEERS AND PEERESSES AFTER THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

TO live in a city is like living with a woman—we cease to see the face of either. To spend two hours in Siena, or five minutes in a railway carriage opposite a woman one has never seen before, is often to have an image printed on the brain quite startling in its vividness and sometimes disturbing in its beauty. London, to those of us who live there, has ceased to offer any distinct picture at all, and, to see clearly, we need some stranger, some one in whose innocent eye we can perceive her image, reflected, as it were, for the first time. Then, like a man who unexpectedly catches sight of his own wife's face in a mirror, we see something strange and curiously beautiful.

For London *is* beautiful; not with the bold, hard beauty of Paris, nor with the somewhat pedantic, museum-Greek beauty of Munich, nor with the faded flamboyant beauty of Venice, nor with the delicately cruel beauty of Florence. It has no regularity of feature, no overtopping hill crowned with a citadel, no circle of bastion walls, no ancient bridge, no great sweep of design, no long vista. Its very river, famous though it is, fails to pierce its heart, for all the London that matters is, unlike Paris, on one bank. Even its most celebrated streets are lanes, like Park Lane and Piccadilly, or cluttered foreshores like the Strand, or spoiled country roads leading to somewhere else, like Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. Its thoroughfares are the horror of the motorist, its side streets the despair of the inquiring pedestrian. Its suburbs are the ugliest in the world, and they go on forever.

All this the Londoner accepts, and it has ceased to trouble him, but for the stranger, too, some unity imposes itself on his imagination, some unity which with more or less justice he calls London and which, strangely enough, he often comes to love.

There are so many different Londons. I have met sailors for whom London was Limehouse, and American chorus girls for whom it was a polished floor at the Dorchester Hotel and a row of jewellers' shops in Bond Street. For Karl Marx, it was a great dome lined with books, and for William Blake it was the abode of angels unaccountably forgathered in a narrow turning off the Strand. But for the sophisticated modern, the cultivated American woman, for example, London is none of these things. It is rather an atmosphere, an ambient, a shifting web of social relationships, a view over the Park, a cocktail in an Adam drawing-room, a very modern flat in Mayfair, a very ancient house in Chelsea, a modernity surprisingly modern mingled with the relics of a culture which has been doomed for centuries, but which has somehow inexplicably failed to pass away.

Inexplicably—for in the rest of Europe, almost everything has passed away. Munich has a Residenz, but no one to live there; Vienna is the perfect court-city for a court that no longer exists. The Pitti is a picture-gallery, and Versailles is a museum. What is left of Continental pageantry is a matter of coloured shirts, mostly drab and all a little frightening in their (Continued on page 80)



THE WHITEHALL HORSE GUARD—LIVING STATUE



SNACK BAR DINING IN THE SMARTEST CAPITAL IN THE WORLD





LONDON COLOUR

THE rising tide of time has at last found its way into the hallowed confines of London's most famous sanctuary, Berkeley Square. Where in the eighteenth century, by the light of torches, powdered footmen opened the doors for the aristocracy of yesterday to pass into their noble houses, liveried men open the way into shops that have taken the place of private dwellings. But they are shops so full of charm and colour that they would not shock even those elegant people of the past who, it is said, still linger in the evening shadows among the big trees of the square. Here, above, Eric has sketched the enchanting flower shop of Lady Diana Cooper—a small riot of blossoms framed in the grave proportions of English stone.

The dashing drawing at the left is testimony to the good sense of Londoners. Instead of gulping down an eight-course dinner in an hour and arriving at the theatre late, ruffled, and indigestive, smart Britishers now go to a "snack bar." Here they are shown at the Blue Train Snack Bar, dining easily and quickly on the best cold cuts, rarebits, salads, and soufflés that London has to offer—accompanied, of course, by cocktails and other libations.

Why not have snack bars in this country? As it is now, theatregoing is anguish to epicures and hostesses, who would willingly postpone their serious dining till the leisure hours after the play, when a cuisine can come into its own.



CECIL BEATON



ROMANTIC COTTONS

BONWIT TELLER has the dress farthest left, and Miss Patricia Minnigerode wears it. The white organdie is dotted with black cellophane encircled by rhinestones, and there are ruffles on the capelet and petticoat, and a velvet sash

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE has the second dress, worn by Miss Janice Jarratt. A new cross-barred organza in soft pale blue is the fabric

BERGDORF GOODMAN has the third dress, which Miss Margaret Minnigerode is wearing—white organdie again, with black cellophane embroidery, in a pattern of grapes, with a ruffled petticoat-slip and Lastex shirred cape

MILGRIM is the shop for the first dress on this page, of embroidered white organdie, with pleated ruffles and beautifully cut. Miss Angelica Welldon wears it

JAY-THORPE has the many-tiered dress of flecked all-white organdie, trimmed with black velvet and worn by Miss Mimi Richardson. Jewels from Mauboussin; setting from W. and J. Sloane

Midsummer madness



. Indian madras - twisted into turbans exactly like those worn by the native women in Martinique - is what you see sketched at the right
. These head-dresses are amazingly chic and becoming, and, if you want to know more about them, turn to page 86 of this issue





. Not a pioneer woman, but a completely frivolous glazed-chintz garden dress and sunbonnet is what you see sketched above
. Witness Ye Compleat Gardener in overalls with cut-off trousers, topped by a loose, sloppy jacket. Sturdy blue cotton is the fabric
. Upholstery fringe, no less, trims the full, peasant-skirted dress of unbleached muslin at extreme right
. All models on this page from Best







• Very Bacchantish are these bright glass cherries and grapes in all colours that you stick in your hair and hang on your ears. Antoine made the coiffures for them
• The utterly mad bonnets at the right are Jeanne Duc's fancy: sandy coloured horsehair, with plumes and ribbons and flower trimmings



• Above is a completely gipsy suit for the beach: fringed linen pants, glazed chintz shirt, and rubberized bandanna beach bag slung over a cane
• Jeanne Duc is also responsible for the two crazy beach hats at the right, of natural straw with metal ornaments
• The remaining oddities are linen beach shoes with white eyelet embroidery, and square silver and gold metal bracelets, one for each wrist
• The madnesses on this page from Saks-Fifth Avenue



BEACH UNDRESSING

It's almost as good as a cabaña—this tent-like wrap of de Nagornoff's, under which you can change your bathing-suit with perfect propriety. It pulls over your head, and it's made of red and black-and-white linen. The straw sunshade is from Louise Bourbon

Farewell to bath-houses might be the title of this page, for here's a de Nagornoff costume that you can take off on the beach with no offence. The point is that beneath are shorts and a bathing-suit, all of a Czechoslovakian silk shirting, gaily striped on white



Another quick change—Hélène Yrande's skirt of navy-and-white upholstery linen, built like an apron to tie conveniently over your bathing-suit. The front panel is cut higher at the waist-line and longer at the hem-line. Hattie Carnegie has this skirt

This, too, substitutes as a cabaña. It's Hélène Yrande's burnoose cape, which allows you to dress or undress beneath it very respectably. The material is an olive-green bath towelling; and it's lined with soft wool jersey in the same smart shade

Strip off this trim blue flannel skirt, and underneath you will find blue flannel shorts topped by a blue silk crêpe bodice—bare in back, except for striped wings. The nautical insignia that decorates the chest is an amusing detail. Molyneux made this



THE JUG BAND AT MRS. RICHARD MENEFEE'S

MRS. DODGE SLOANE



DERBY HORSES PROMENADED BEFORE THE RACE, WITH CAVALCADE AT THE EXTREME LEFT

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES BY REMIE LOHSE



MRS. FRANCIS HOGUE AND MRS. HANFORD SMITH



MRS. PETER A. B. WIDENER

KENTUCKY DERBY, 1934

by Josephine McDonald

THAT the Derby is run at Churchill Downs is due to the fact that Kentuckians have always cared deeply whether one horse can run faster than a given number of other horses. That the Derby was run this year proves that fifty-nine times is not enough—there must be a sixtieth running of this great race, so that some owner will have a heart swelling with pride and joy, a gold cup, a speech from the Governor of Kentucky, and a horse with roses round his neck, whether he likes it or not. Cavalcade didn't care to have the Jockey Club say it with flowers, but the great crowd who came to see him run were mad with enthusiasm and delighted with their hero, even though some of them had placed a bet on the field —hoping for a long price—or risked something on Mata Hari, because she is such a game little filly.

There have been recent depression Derbies, but this year's Derby was different. The immense crowd of five years ago swarmed back; the horses were the best three-year-olds of recent years; and the owners were names that stand at the very top in the racing world. It was warm; Kentucky was as green as a lovely garden; Prohibition was gone; and there were juleps everywhere.

For sheer excitement and the sense of being on the right spot at the right moment, there is nothing quite like being in Louisville for the Derby. That realization begins to dawn as you leave New York, for the station puts up great white signs reading "Kentucky Derby Special." People in smart travelling-clothes swarm down the steps into trains that seem miles long, and, once in, they bump into other people filling the aisles—reading racing papers; puzzling over the entries for Saturday; talking in confident tones of weight and distance and riders, and all the details that make betting such an absorbing diversion, if not Life-Work.

If there is expectancy in leaving for Louisville, there is a great sense of fulfilment in arriving there, particularly this year, for it was warm and green in a way that only Kentucky and Ireland can be green. The locust blossoms were fragrant in the air, and the red and white dogwood merged their colours and made a pink cloud.

The natives of Louisville are extremely pleased with themselves and their setting—and justly so. They envy no one, except, perhaps, the visitor to Louisville; for, being born there, they can never experience the de-



MR. JOHN BOATWRIGHT AND MRS. JACKSON STARKE SHARE A JULEP



THE CALL TO THE TRACK

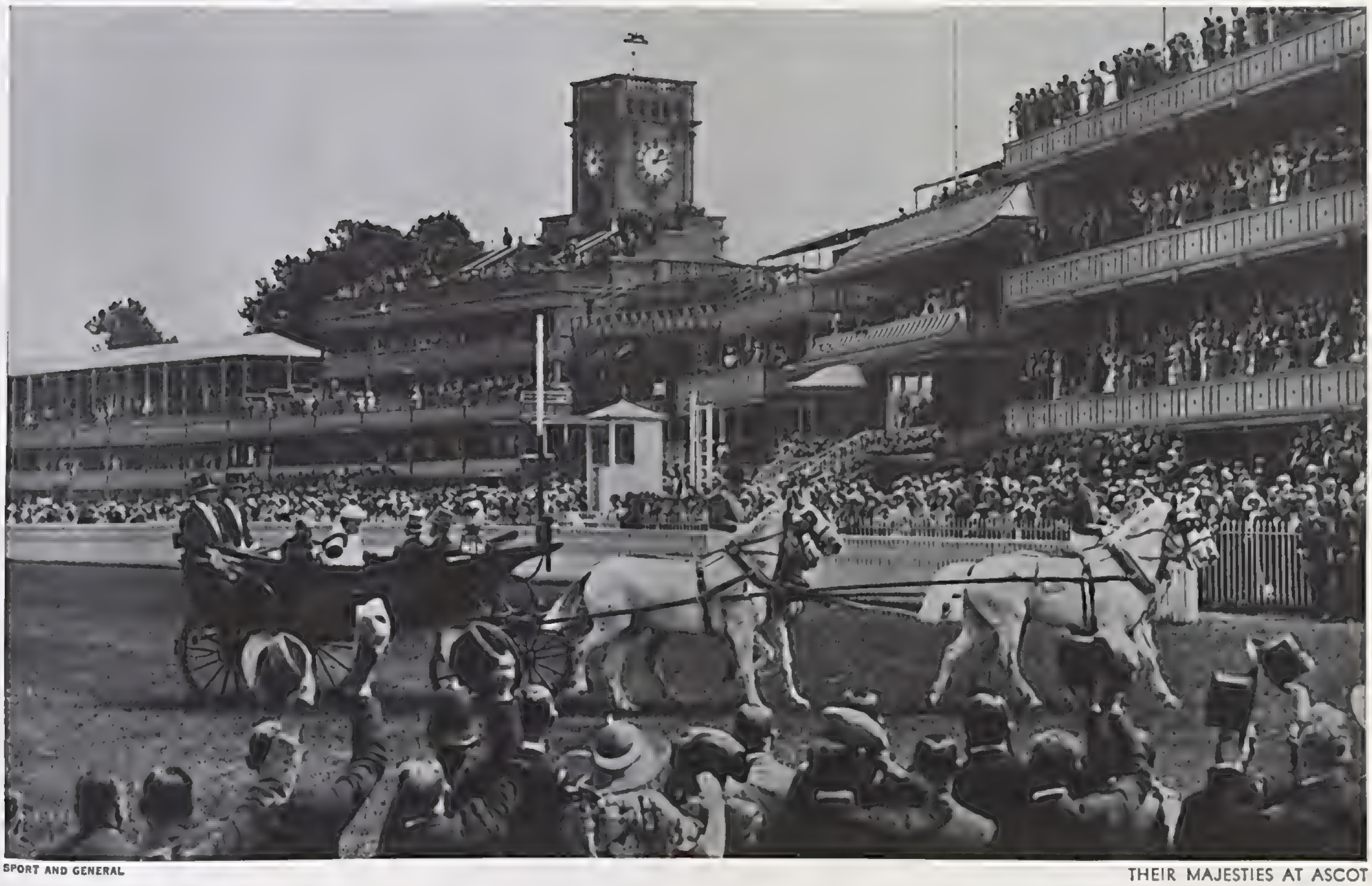
lightful sensation of being wined and dined as a favoured guest. They are well versed in the art of entertaining, for they practise it continuously. They take on their most particular friends as Derby guests, arrange parties for them, and take them to their friends' parties in a constant round. After the first afternoon, the time element seems to be lacking, and, though they arrive at a one o'clock luncheon at an hour much nearer tea-time, somehow they are never late.

It is a wise thing to go to the races on Friday afternoon before the Derby. It sometimes rains on Derby day, but Friday is always clear. The flags in the infield wave brightly in the light spring breeze; the hills off at the right are a pale, soft green; the leisurely Negroes with their rakes move back and forth smoothing the track; the scene is idyllic. But the bugle blows, the white lead pony comes on the track, and following him are the horses, shining and lean, springing on their tiny hoofs, held in by jockeys who bend over their necks. Then, everybody must rush back to the boxes to see the race, and, when it is run, bury the past without regrets, as losers, or attack the future without too much confidence, as winners. The form sheet, the program, the owner who thinks his horse is ready, the visitor who bets on Night Jasmine because she has just come back from Bermuda, and the Louisvillian who takes from her purse a scrap of paper on which her mother's cook's husband has written "Plunige in the forth" so she, of course, realizes that she must (Continued on page 95)



MRS. SEVIER BONNIE'S LUNCHEON

REMIE LOHSE



SPORT AND GENERAL

THEIR MAJESTIES AT ASCOT

ENGLAND IN SEASON

BY PAUL HYDE BONNER

HISTORICALLY, this season will probably be referred to by our punditical grandchildren as the overture to the world-wide acceptance of Economic Nationalism, or Fascism, or National Socialism, or whatever terminology is the fashion of their period. The names of Mussolini, Hitler, and Roosevelt will doubtless emerge from the milling uncertainty of these disordered days as Excaliburs for the hands of imperialism. The Disarmament Conference, that last brief flicker from the candle of international amity and cooperation, will be disposed of in a sentence—and that sentence will be the epitaph to Wilsonian day-dreaming. But they—our grandchildren—with all their controlled production and mechanized agricultural planning—will probably not be able to take part in, or partake of, such a diverse and anachronistic and paradoxical pageant as passed before the eyes of those fortunates who found themselves in London from Derby Day until the Royal Garden-Party in the year 1934, *Anno Domini.*

Part of it, in fact most of it, is nothing more than the usual "season" ritual of this royal island, but for many reasons, some obvious, some obscure, the glamour of the most ancient of these rites is strangely magnified this season. Some will attribute it to the weather. Others will say that it is due to the influx of gold-standard foreigners who find, for the first time in their lives, this sterling country a cheap place to visit. But more forceful than these patent factors is an inner feeling, a current in the air, a vague consciousness that the world has turned a corner and is headed up-hill, along a new and brighter road.

The effect is apparent at every gathering—in the theatre, at every cocktail party (of which there are a dozen a day), and at every débutante ball. The tailcoats and red carnations of the men seem smarter, trimmer, and more festive than ever before. The girls even appear to have acquired an allure and a seductive charm unusually un-Anglo-Saxon. Their faces are fresh and tantalizing. Their gowns are sumptuous and revealing.

For two months, a sober kingdom will go haywire and carnival. No one will be the least surprised to see the austere Neville Chamberlain dancing down Piccadilly, playing the pipes, and dressed as a harlequin.

Here, then, is the regal menu:

As seen from the club stand, the Derby, which is the third race on the second day of the spring meeting at Epsom, is much the (Continued on page 92)



TONI FRISSELL

MRS. JOHN MORTIMER SCHIFF



TONI FRISSELL

SPRING WEDDING

Rather like the cool green rippled reflections of water on a white ceiling, or like water-lilies themselves, were the bridesmaids of the Baker-Schiff wedding, whom you see above: Miss Georgette Whelan (in foreground); Mrs. Drayton Cochran (at left); Miss Rose Winslow (at right); and (in back) Mrs. Cochran's sister, Miss Emily Lawrance. They repeated the white of the bride's tulle dress only in the round wreaths of star-like flowers on their heads and in the huge bouquets of white iris that they carried. Their gowns (like those of the flower-girl, Adele Hall—Mr. Schiff's niece) were of pale green satin, with muslin fichus to match that stood out freshly and youthfully from their necks



HORST, PARIS

PRINCESS KARAM OF KAPURTHALA

The Princess Karam of Kapurthala married the third son of His Highness, the Maharaja of Kapurthala. Only nineteen years old, she is small, slender, and beautiful, and wears either native or Western dress with great charm. In the large photograph, you see her in native dress accented by superb jewels. In the second photograph, she is wearing modern clothes—Paquin's black velvet and silver fox coat—with her emerald and diamond necklace



ENTERTAINING ROYALTY

UNTIL you have yourself been a guest at some country house where royalty is expected, it is impossible to picture the commotion of preparation, the frenzied rehearsing of curtseys, the examinations in etiquette, the needless consultations with the cook, and the hideous uncertainty as to whether she will excel herself in excess of loyal zeal or fall far below her average. "If you please, My Lady, do I walk backwards all the time I am in the presence of Their Majesties?" I once heard a quivering butler inquire, raising a ghastly vision of his corpulent back blindly advancing with the coffee tray. So startling a display of loyalty was prevented, but nothing could stop him from disinterring and exposing every single piece of family plate.

Though there is nowadays a sober absence of pageantry in the daily life of the royal family, its members are still set apart by much ceremony and formality, and seldom are they allowed in society to forget the singularity of their lot. Whenever they entertain their subjects on their own premises, they are inevitably hedged around by a perfect zareba of ceremony. Their nearest approach then to a respite from the isolating rigours of rank is when they honour some subject by visiting his home, and thus, to a certain extent, share in the ordinary country-house life. Their enjoyment on such an occasion depends entirely on the degree of skill displayed by their host and hostess in breaking the social ice that forms itself around royalty.

Mediaeval monarchs had a disconcerting habit of gate-crashing and honouring their subjects' castles without warning. If the entertainment provided was inadequate, they were highly displeased: on the other hand, if a subject displayed great splendour, as like as not they would accuse him of improper hoarding and enrich their own coffers with his confiscated wealth. It was really very difficult for a nobleman to know what to do. But it is a long time since a monarch came to stay as an unexpected guest.

Nowadays, it is intimated to Their Majesties (some member of the Court being previously sounded as to the acceptability of the intimation) that a certain host and hostess would be very proud to have the honour of entertaining them. If Their Majesties express their willingness, a date is then fixed by them and the hostess submits for the royal approval a list of the guests she proposes to invite. This procedure is the same whether the invitation is for a luncheon or dinner in London or for a stay in a country house. I have been asked whether a menu of the food is also submitted. But I am glad to say that in this part of their entertainment, even royalties are allowed the pleasures and pains of surprise. Naturally, the prospective hostess will write to some one she knows at Court and discover if there are any fancies or dislikes to remember or any diet régime to respect. Like every other family, the royal family includes some members who are slimming and others who are trying to add to their weight, and the furtherance of each ambition should be assisted. In these modern days, of course, cocktails and sherry will be offered on arrival.

For an actual visit, how much retinue the royal visitors bring with them of course depends on the kind of visit they are paying, but in every case, the staff will have the delirious pleasure of entertaining a detective. And there will be great difficulty in keeping the children of the house out of the "room" in which this popular hero will take his meals with the butler, the housekeeper, the cook, and the visiting maids (Continued on page 82)



SPORT AND GENERAL

THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVE

BOND STREET to BUCKINGHAM

as seen by him



MUCH as I would like to add my own hymn of love for London, others in this issue have written of the city and its atmosphere with such charm and understanding that I shall force myself to stick to facts. I shall content myself—and you, I hope—with being a simple guide to everything from shops to shows and from hats to hotels. Step this way, please!

First of all, where are you going to stay in London? If you want to be very swank and have one of the best addresses in town, go to Claridge's. It is much more like a house than a hotel, for, despite the fact that it has been redecorated and remodelled Heaven knows how many times, it still retains something of the pompous, excessively comfortable, grand Edwardian town house. There is a coal fire burning in the hall, and all the liveried servants are like your own private footmen. In toto, a suite at Claridge's for the season is a chic and comfortable substitute for a town house.

In this same class of hotel, there are the Ritz, overlooking the Green Park; the Dorchester, overlooking Hyde Park (London's most modern hotel); the famous Savoy on the Thames Embankment; the Berkeley; the Mayfair; the Park Lane; and Grosvenor House, where there are nice apartments. Then, there is the marvel of the age—the Cumberland Hotel at Marble Arch. This hotel would be unique, even in America. It is a hotel of moderate price, but so efficiently run that even my super-critical American standards are surpassed. It is self-contained—like an Atlantic liner. There are tiny rooms for a single person, with perfect little bathrooms attached, at about 11s. 6d. a day, and double rooms at about 19s. 6d. a day, breakfast included. Downstairs in the lounges, lobbies, and restaurants is an army of uniformed men and maid servants (chic little maids in brown-and-pink costume liveries) who attend to your every want promptly and efficiently. Radio music is broadcast continually in all rooms on the ground floor. There are a doctor's consulting room and public stenographers. You can get an excellent lunch for around 3s. 6d., and dinner for around 5s., served by two waiters at once. There is something happy about the place, and, I think, if I were alone and did not know a soul in London, I should never feel lonely there.

Now that you are settled, let's go out to lunch. Where shall we go? We will discuss that in the taxi. Did you ever see such high-bred cars? And the chauffeurs—they only breed them like that in this country. I took my French chauffeur back a whole set of uniforms last year from London, but, on him, they immediately took on a French appearance.

If you want to see a very smart crowd, we will lunch at the Ritz—all London is going there again now. You know, London is like that—they adore the old haunts here. But if we go there to-day, we must go to something quite different to-morrow—to Simpson's-in-the-Strand, or Simpson's in the City. What, you don't know about Simpson's? Well, really, it



HUGO IN HIS SHOP



AT THE CUMBERLAND



OUTSIDE ATKINSON'S, FAMOUS PERFUMER

THE HERBALIST'S WINDOW—OLD-WORLD COLOUR

is one of the most famous places in the world. In fact, they seem to me to cook meat there better than any place I remember—and they cook fish very well, too. If we go to Simpson's in the City, we must have a "fish-general" lunch (a lunch entirely of fish), and the man who serves your cut of cheese will ask you to guess its weight. If you do so correctly, you will get £5 (but I never heard of any one who did guess correctly). Eating roast beef, mutton, or silverside (corned beef) at Simpson's is a ritual. The old man who carves wheels his wagon around, and you both have a long consultation about the cut, how many pieces of Yorkshire pudding you'll have, and whether you like fat or not. (He gets a tip.) Then you will be served the most beautifully roasted potatoes you ever ate, and horseradish sauce that is a poem. Later, you can have an apple tart—just to know what a deep-dish apple tart should be like.

Every day, we will have an orgy of restaurants. I will take you to the Maison Basque in Dover Street, where the cooking is very French—but not altogether French—and the plates are warmed in front of coal fires. It is very homelike. Then we will go to the Ivy to dine, the restaurant where all the theatrical and literary crowd go, and sit a long time over dinner. You *may* see Noel Coward there (that shows you what sort of place it is). We will also go to Boulestin's, either for dinner or supper on the night we go to the opera at Covent Garden, and there we will have super French-Italian-Russian food. Boulestin is among the epicures of the age. He has written a great deal for Vogue, and cook-books and food articles in the daily papers, and he probably knows more unusual recipes than any man alive to-day, except, perhaps, Mr. Walterspiel in Munich. He has attached himself (by his situation next Covent Garden) to the "City" and the neighbourhood about the Law Courts, so you can imagine that he has a very distinguished clientele.



SUPPER IN THE SAVOY GRILL-ROOM

If you find yourself without me by your side, and you can't think where to go, lunch at the Savoy Grill. But, of course, supper there is better still, for all the people from the theatres around the Strand pour in after eleven. Here, you must eat haddock and shrimp-paste and mushrooms on toast—because there is nothing in the world like the flavour of an English mushroom. It looks more like an old country felt hat than a hat from Reboux—in other words, more like an English than a French mushroom. But, oh, what a flavour!

Before the theatre, you must make up your mind that you are going to nothing but "snack bars." They are peculiar to London. At the snack bar at the Blue Train, at Monseigneur's, and at the Berkeley, you will see crowds of the smartest people—all the men in white ties—sitting up on high stools having anything from curried shrimps (the Blue Train specialty) to Welsh rarebits, before making off for the theatre. You see the advantage of a snack-bar meal, if you are going to have a huge supper afterwards—it would be impossible to eat a three-course dinner and sit down again to supper at 11:30.

Yes, that is the garden of Buckingham Palace on the other side of the high brick wall. (Continued on page 89)



CHAUFFEUR, LONDON STYLE



THE INDISPENSABLE BOBBY



BOND STREET—BOTANICAL BOOK-SHOP



RED PROPAGANDA

MAGGY ROUFF'S "Profile" (farthest left) is a proof that the reds are ruling, these summer nights. It's made of silk crêpe in a strong, but cool red, and it bares one shoulder amusingly as it wraps all the fulness to one side. Bergdorf Goodman has this model

MAGGY ROUFF made the second dress, too —"Beau Soir," with a sudden flash of red or pink in the softly turned-down décolletage. Black crêpe is the fabric, and there is a train spliced up the centre—another version of the slit skirt. From Bergdorf Goodman

JEAN PATOU designed the first dress on the opposite page. And while dots are not news, red pastilles in this enormous size are! They are printed on white chiffon, and the skirt has protruding front fulness, the sleeves are cape-like, and the wide belt is in black

LUCIEN LELONG'S frothy contribution to summer nights is lace in a rich shade of brown—used for the dress in the centre on the opposite page. The shoulders keep covered, but the neck and the armholes descend in deep, sharp V slits. From Bonwit Teller

LUCIEN LELONG'S red-and-white toile de Jouy print—the bouquet widely spaced—is a superb print for summer. You can see it in the dress at the far right, with gathered shoulder flounces that give a wing effect and a high neck-line. Saks-Fifth Avenue has the model





ASIATIC AND DIRECTOIRE INFLUENCES



ALIX folds his dazzling white silk jersey evening coat (left, on the opposite page) about you like the cape of a Bedouin out of the Arabian Nights. When you unfold your arms, the sleeves flow like angel wings to the ground. You will find this very picturesque evening wrap at Altman's

ALIX builds the maharaja coat (right, on the opposite page) of Persian brocade that harmonizes with the copper-brown ciré satin dress worn beneath. Hugged through the ribs, this newcomer among evening coats flares gently outward, in a slight bell shape, and then stops just above the knees

SCHIAPARELLI cuts the décolletage of the first gown at the right almost as low as that worn by Joséphine de Beauharnais. Directoire, too, are the lace frill spreading fan-like over the bosom and the long, slim lines of the white crinkled crêpe sheath. This model is available from Hattie Carnegie's

AUGUSTABERNARD'S dress of white satin, threaded with gold (extreme right), shows the Directoire influence in the skirt slit—a slit that almost bares the back of the knee—and in the bow of brown velvet on the chest. There's a jacket, omitted that you might see the bodice slit. From Altman

Perennial Paris



AT COCTEAU'S NEW PLAY

"ALLO. This is Élysées 40-75." "The Duchesse d'Harcourt isn't in. She is in Egypt. She will be back in a few weeks."

"Allo. This is Trocadéro 45-67." "The Comtesse Jean de Vogüé is in New York. She is coming back next Wednesday."

Decidedly, you have no luck. You arrive from your journey, eager to find out the latest news about everything—at once and from the best sources.

"Allo. Élysées 69-19?"

"The Comtesse de Cossé-Brissac arrives from Florence to-night."

"Nathalie Paley is in London for a few days."

"Madame Alfred Fabre-Luce? Oh, yes, she is in."

"Hello, Lolotte. Tell me all about yourself. I am a glutton for news. It is fun to be back in Paris. Seen from far away, Paris looked so queer, and I almost dreaded—ever so slightly—coming back. And then, seen from within, everything appears as usual. Spring is still Paris' most becoming dress. But tell me: where is everybody? Every one I ring is out of town. What are you doing? Where have you been? Where does one loaf and relax? Or perhaps you are intent on making history, for the schoolbooks to come?"

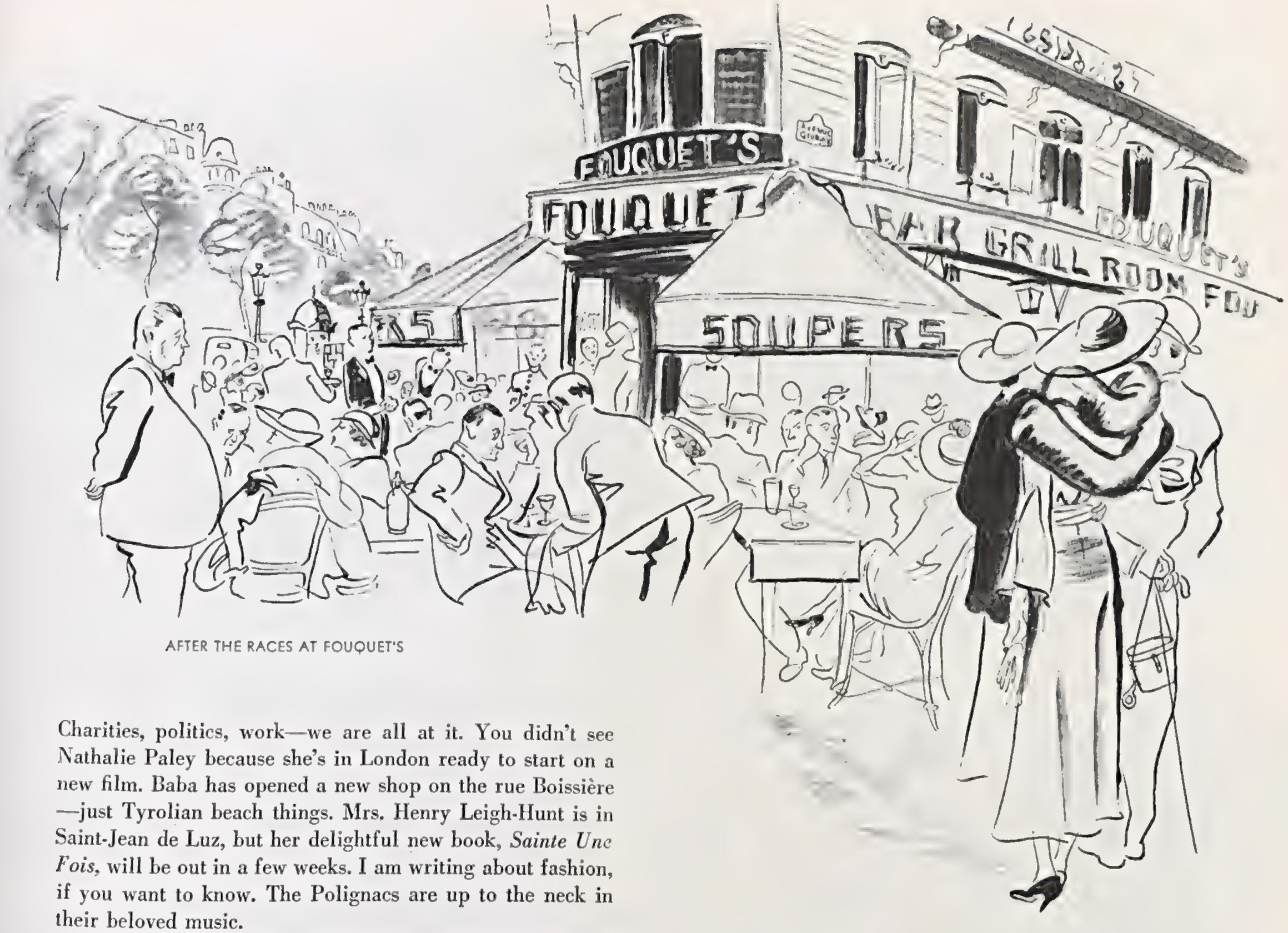
"Not quite—but so many questions. We are all frightfully busy. We are all *doing* something. We've discovered life is more worth living if we do something that interests us. Do you know that Marthe de Gaigneron, Madeleine Le Chevrel, and Madame Paul Morand are busy organizing social work in the villages to help the rural population.



FURTWAENGLER AT THE OPÉRA



SUPPER AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



AFTER THE RACES AT FOUQUET'S

Charities, politics, work—we are all at it. You didn't see Nathalie Paley because she's in London ready to start on a new film. Baba has opened a new shop on the rue Boissière —just Tyrolian beach things. Mrs. Henry Leigh-Hunt is in Saint-Jean de Luz, but her delightful new book, *Sainte Une Fois,* will be out in a few weeks. I am writing about fashion, if you want to know. The Polignacs are up to the neck in their beloved music.

"The Wanderlust has hit dozens. Any place in the world —the most unheard-of spots. Monsieur and Madame Paul Chadourne are just back from Abyssinia, after a horrible experience. A friend, travelling with them, was bitten by a snake and died before their very eyes. The next day, Madame Chadourne herself was bitten by the same kind of snake—while she was bathing. She suffered terribly for six hours, then the pains suddenly disappeared. It was miraculous.



THE DAUMIER EXHIBITION

"But the passion of the day is politics. You can't help talking about it, even if you have sworn not to mention it. So much happens every day! We devour the papers from A to Z. Every one wants to meet the prominent figures—figureheads protruding, grotesque or pathetic, pleasant or unpleasant, on the prow of the State vessel. You know what the cartoonist Daumier said—by the way, you must see his exhibition—about those heads 'whose hands hold the reins which help the State vessel to navigate over volcanoes?'"

"Well, what about the new clothes? Let's go to Lelong's collection this afternoon. I haven't a new thing."

"This afternoon, darling, we are going to hear Léon Daudet lecture at the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs. You know him—the leader of the Action Française, and the active royalist. He is going to talk on the current scandals."

And so you go, a little baffled by having to attend a lecture—a political one as well. Every one seems to enjoy the truculence of the speaker. Under big hats, many lovely heads nod approvingly. (The women have found time to go to the Collections, as well as to the lectures—you note with envy.) And you see that clothes are just as important as ever, but somehow one has other interests besides.

Leaving the lecture, we run into Comte and Comtesse Georges de Castellane under the chestnut-trees. What about dinner to-night—and a little dancing? Not this week. Many of our friends are busy evenings. Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge and Nicky de Gunzburg, for instance, are active in the Croix de Feu movement. Wait (Continued on page 84)

FEATHERS AND FLOWERS



HORST PARIS

Blades of grass, stalks of wheat, cornflowers, poppies, even a dandelion are flung into the bouquet on Rose Descat's white linen sunshade, shown at the left; from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Madame Girod de l'Ain wears it with a dress of pink silk tussur, from Bruyère

Tipped precariously over Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge's head, when she dines out, is Suzy's black straw disc with paradise-like feathers shooting out at sharp angles. Perfect companions are Lelong's dull black crêpe dress and Chanel bracelets

A giant blackbird with a red beak spreads his wings over Maria Guy's white paper panama hat—one of those large hats that all Paris is wearing; from Altman. Madame Ferdinando Gazzoni combines it with Lelong's blouse of white embroidered Swiss

Delightfully silly are the Agnès straw shepherdess hats—like the two at the right. One is trimmed with hyacinths, one with a pink ostrich plume, and the Comtesse Alain de Solages and the Comtesse Guy de Gabriac both wear them with Maggy Rouff dresses



SUIT FROM ROSE AMADO • LILLY DACHÉ HAT

WARMER TO-DAY; COOLER AT NIGHT

SHEERS, beautiful sheers, in clear dark colours, simply cut, with no extraneous touches—only dazzling splashes of frosty white. This is Vogue's answer to the perennial question of what to wear in town when the mercury soars. Pictured above is a suit that crystallizes our ideas on the subject. Navy-blue chiffon, gossamer fine, has been used in double thicknesses to make the straight-hanging jacket and skirt, while the blouse, worn in tunic fashion outside the skirt, is of white chiffon, shirred in bands (Rose Amado). Worn with it is Lilly Daché's white hat of shiny straw with blue grosgrain binding and a provocative blue fish-net veil. The neck-band of pearls is from Técla

• Even though you may be sweltering at the moment, the luxurious ermine cape Miss Marya Mannes wears on the opposite page has a very definite place in the summer scene. On shipboard in the mid-Atlantic and at northern resorts here and in Europe, where the night comes up with attendant cool breezes, a cape like this is something pretty superior to sling about your shoulders. Stein and Blaine have used fine white ermine for this model and draped it in a deep, monkish cowl in back. In rich contrast is the collar scarf of dark Russian sable that may be tied in front or thrown over the shoulder. Pearl, crystal, and diamond bracelet from Schepps. Coiffure by Charles Bock



CECIL BEATON

CAPE FROM STEIN AND BLAINE

"NOT A DAY OVER THIRTY"

• Miss Irene Rich has pretty thoroughly convinced us that "Life Begins at Forty"—at least where smart clothes for summer sports and general wear are concerned. In her charming, vivacious manner, and by means of the photographs on these pages, she proves definitely erroneous a whole host of stuffy ideas about clothes for the older woman, even while she shows the infinite wisdom of others

• Analyse her credo and what do you find? That the smart, older woman leaves the young things to tamper with the chi-chi bits that crop up every so often, and clings to the classical chic of fine materials, becoming colours, and good lines

• That over-emphasis on tailored clothes is not only monotonous, but is unnecessary

• That sports clothes, provided they are well-cut and designed to give plenty of freedom of movement, are not too youthful to be becoming

• That simplicity, relieved by deft, feminine touches, is always the trump-card of a woman making the most of her years



SUIT FROM MILGRIM



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE



MRS. FRANKLIN, INC.



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE





SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE



PECK AND PECK



NELSON

BERGDORF GOODMAN

• On the opposite page (large photograph), Miss Rich is charmingly dressed for lunch and bridge in a pink crêpe frock tied with a pink and navy-blue polka-dotted bow; Milgrim

• At the lower left (opposite page), Miss Rich illustrates how smart the mother of grown-up daughters can look in the classic type of sports dress. The buttoned skirt of this white crêpe frock allows for freedom of movement. The white linen hat with the visor brim is new and practical. Both from Saks-Fifth Avenue

• Next is an excellent dress for active sports. It's of silk crêpe, with brown and orange stripes on an oyster background. From Mrs. Franklin, Inc.

• A knitted suit, in one of the lovely new pastel shades and of mossy wool, is almost indispensable. On the opposite page is a three-piece hand-knitted model in a heavenly peach shade. Suit and toyo hat from Saks-Fifth Avenue

• At the upper left on this page is a knitted suit in the new wistaria shade; Saks-Fifth Avenue

• Suitable for active sports, the white screen-mesh dress directly above has ample pleats without adding bulk. Navy-blue ribbon bands the white straw hat. Both from Peck and Peck

• At the left, Miss Rich is going on from cocktails to dinner in a navy-blue crêpe dinner-dress with a white candy stripe and a three-quarters length coat. The dress has a low back décolletage and is sleeveless. This and the navy-blue felt hat are from Bergdorf Goodman

• On page 84b are sketched three bathing-dresses suitable for the older woman



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

MAJOR ASSETS

IN FRESH FABRICS

• Crisp paper yarn, crocheted in a bold open mesh, is used for the gloves worn by the lady in the photograph at the upper left. You will find them in white, natural, and the most enchanting pale shades at Saks-Fifth Avenue

• It's a wise woman who marks the hand-knitted brown sweater (left) for her own with clear-cut initials of white felt; white canvas belt; Christine Hunter. Worn with this are Sally Victor's linen hat and Aris linen gloves; from Best

• Gay fillips to your chiffon suit are the scarf and hand-bag of puckered red-and-white diamond crêpe that you see in the photograph below. Altman has them. The pearl bracelet and large pearl ring have a delightful snowy coolness; Técla

• Fresh as a spanking breeze is the handkerchief linen frock pictured below across these two pages. The design—red and green on white—is a hand-blocked one. Knitted string bag and gloves. All of these are from Jay-Thorpe



SWEATER; CHRISTINE HUNTER • HAT AND GLOVES; BEST



SCARF AND BAG; ALTMAN • JEWELLERY; TÉCLA



SWEATER; CHRISTINE HUNTER • RACQUET; ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH

ACCESSORIES; ALTMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES BY ANTON BRUEHL



SHOES, BAG, GLOVES; JAY-THORPE

ACCESSORIES; JAY-THORPE

• Nubby-textured, hand-knitted, and accented by brightly embroidered shoulder-straps and an amusing draw-string, the white suspender sweater (upper left) is unbeatable for tennis; Christine Hunter. Racquet from Abercrombie and Fitch

• Perhaps it's the clear decisiveness of coin dots that makes them so fresh looking. Whatever it is, coin dots are superb for summer, as above—coin dots on linen for your hat, scarf, and the cuffs of your Lastex linen gloves; Altman

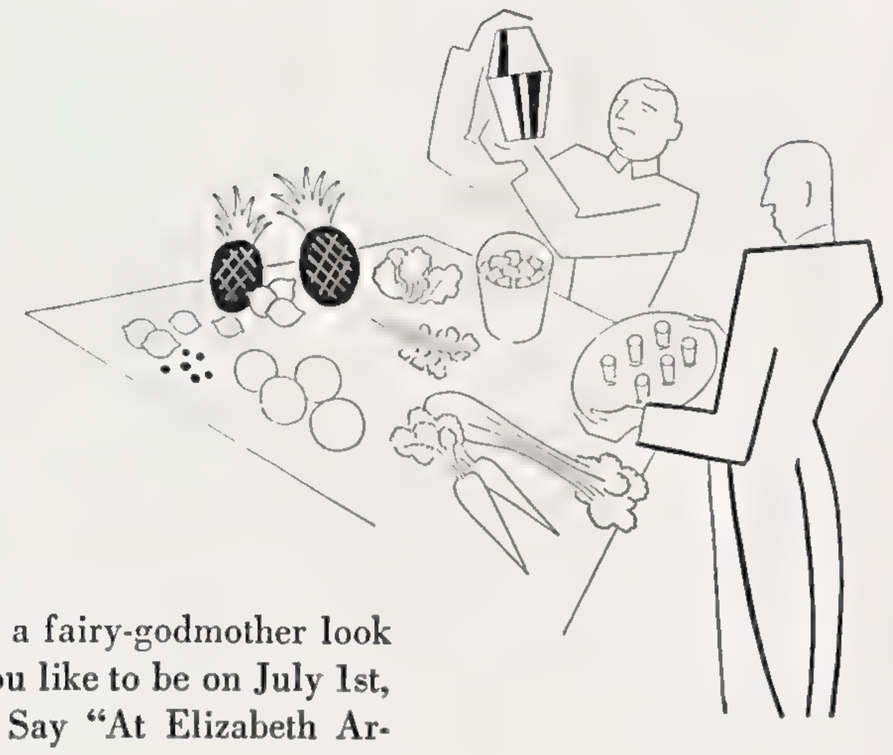
• At the left, you see a leather-heeled buckskin shoe with diamond perforations for chic and coolness, and a light-as-air dyable linen sandal. Green and white straw is used for the cuffs of angelskin gloves and the handbag. From Jay-Thorpe



ENTRANCE TO A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER

SUMMER SIESTA

Chez Elizabeth Arden in Maine





SHOULD any one approach you with a fairy-godmother look in the eye and ask, "Where would you like to be on July 1st, 1934?"—don't hesitate a moment. Say "At Elizabeth Arden's, in Maine." You remember, in day-dreams, when everything you love most in life manages in some miraculous and incredible fashion to be all in one place at the same time? Well, that's the way it is at Elizabeth Arden's in Maine. Riding and swimming, and Ardena baths and contract, and tennis and your own masseuse, and the Vienna masque and dancing, and a hair-dresser every evening, and fishing, and perfect servants, and the most superb bed you ever slept on, and more—all wrapped round with a sense of being a favourite guest at a luxurious, flawlessly run country place.

The house has been Miss Arden's own summer home—a lovely house with lawns and gardens sloping down to the lake, where cabañas make a miniature Deauville. Now, with the house of the late Elisabeth Marbury, it is to be a glorified rest-cure, where you go a worn and weary woman and emerge your most











A BEFORE-AND-AFTER SCENE

glamorous self. Perhaps the best way to describe it all is to describe one day of the life you live while you are there.

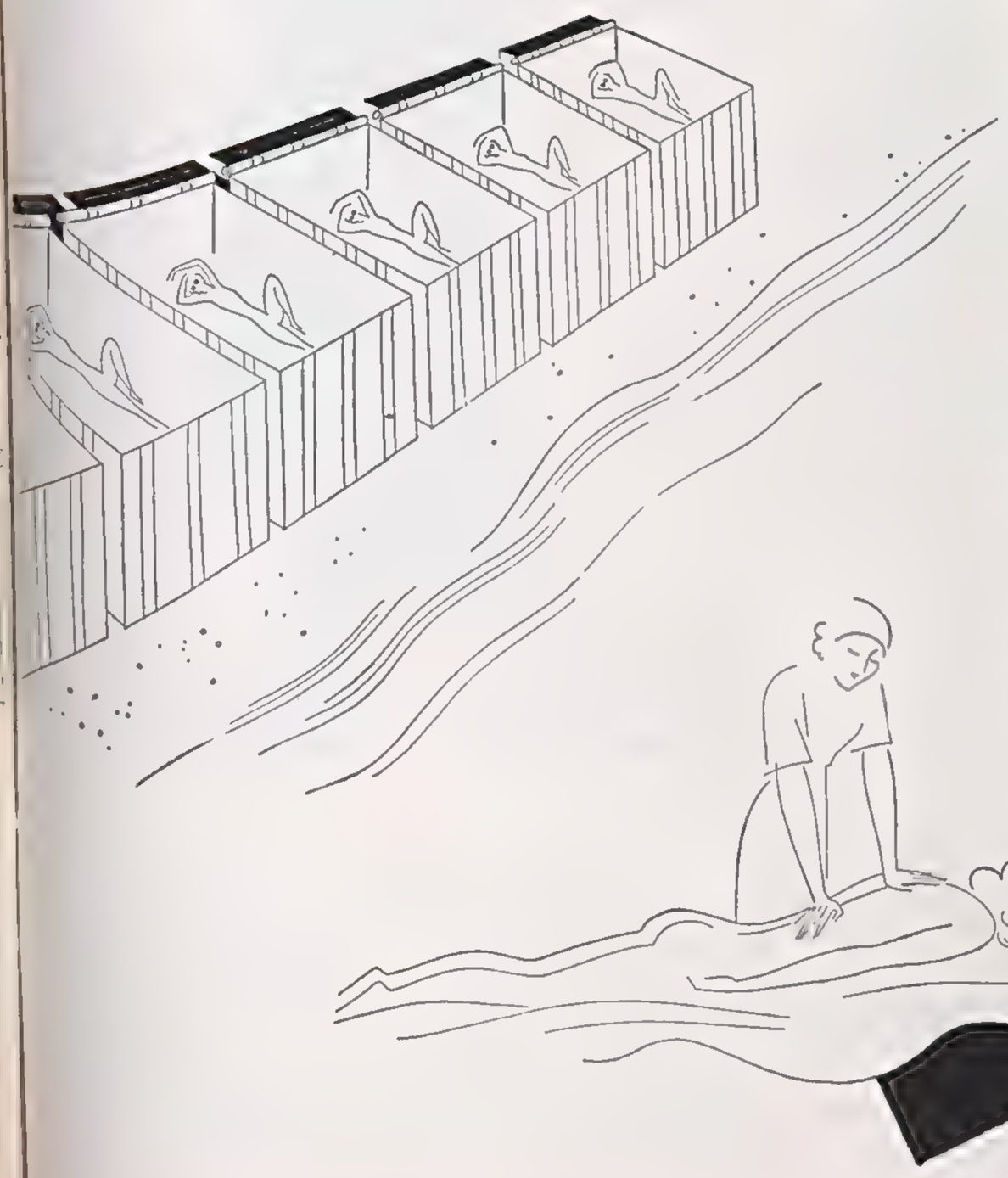
You arrive not looking your very best. You have put on ten pounds that you don't want, perhaps. You're tired. You don't think that your face and your hair are at their freshest and fairest. You are, in a word, ready for a summer siesta.

On your arrival, you are shown to your room, which is practically a suite in itself, and you note that the luxurious dressing-table and the luxurious bathroom are filled to the teeth with a wealth of Arden preparations. You feel that one ambition in life has already been satisfied.

Once settled, your day goes something like this. You are awakened in the morning by a gentle knock, and you roll out of bed onto your pink satin exercise mat to do your exercises with a teacher. If you want to reduce, you have the Ardena bath, then go back to bed and are massaged into blissful lethargy.



GATHER YOUR OWN VEGETABLES



When your tray appears, there is a tall Venetian goblet full of iced fruit-juices, and a basket of fresh fruits. If you aren't dieting, you can have other things too, but the delicious fruits are part of the ritual.

Before the swimming hour, you have your face analysed, to see the care it requires. When you stroll down to the beach, you are oiled all over with a sweet scented oil and put into a cabaña with the top rolled back and then timed by a nurse with her stop watch, so you toast just the right amount of time beneath the sun. You can practically roll from the cabaña into the lake, even minus suit, if you like, for this is a woman's paradise. And there is an excellent swimming instructor on hand who will help you put form into your stroke.

As you go up from the boat-house, through the gardens, the butler meets you with a little basket, and you stroll about in the vegetable gardens (so beautiful that many of them are in front of the house) and pick whatever green things strike your fancy, and they will be prepared for your lunch. If you want to stick to a diet, there is a biochemist, an expert on dietary matters, to make this painless. (Continued on page 78)

VOGUE'S *finds of the fortnight*

YOU MAY BUY THEM IN NEW YORK AND OUT

SMART Economies have a new deal, and a new name. From now on, they will be called Vogue's Finds of the Fortnight. Economy, a fine thing in itself, has come to have an ominous sound. The last few years, it's been too closely linked to the scratching way of life that meant buying poor clothes or none at all: it has a depression-stigma. But times are better now. And June being the proper time to change one's name, let this serve as our announcement.

"But who," say we in our just pride, "wouldn't want a wardrobe that had been selected for its good value by the Fashion Editors of Vogue?" Our policy will continue under our new name. Our Fashion Editors will still give you the benefit of their experience and taste. They will still stalk down the frocks, suits, and coats that are the finest values to be found.

These Finds will be shown to you fortnightly, just as Smart Economies were. You can still see them, try them on, and buy them—whether you live in New York, Manitowoc, Honolulu, or Waco. Geography makes no difference to us. Each Find is part of a carefully planned wardrobe that will take the Miss, the Young Matron, and the Older Woman through every season of the year. What's left for you to do? Nothing but just the fun of choosing.



SELECTED BECAUSE you can wear this classic evening dress with its coat all summer and on into autumn. Dress has covered shoulders and chiffon flowers. Suède-finish crêpe. Best; $30

SELECTED BECAUSE this sheer ensemble has no accessories to change. Dress has pleated collar and jabots. Coat has pleated sleeves. Of plain or printed silk chiffon. Altman; $30



SELECTED BECAUSE this ensemble with its flattering white organdie fan collar and cuffs is dressmaker made. Short-sleeved dress. Of Onondaga's "Mystic," a sheer crêpe. Jay-Thorpe; $30

SELECTED BECAUSE we, ourselves, couldn't say "no" to this silk chiffon dress with its own hip-length jacket. Smart monotone print, with contrasting borders. Lord and Taylor; $20

SELECTED BECAUSE this soft afternoon dress with its own tuxedo coat is becoming to the older woman. Of chiffon, in a border print. Dress has cape collar and elbow sleeves. McCreery; $30

WHERE AND HOW TO PURCHASE—
On page 93, you will find our list of the shops where you can buy Vogue's Finds of the Fortnight. If none in your town appears on the list, write to Vogue, at 420 Lexington Avenue (and please enclose a stamped and addressed envelope), and we will be glad to send you the name of one located near you

VOGUE'S SELECTION

SET POINTS IN CHIC

1. The new divided skirt; free, unhampering, and ending just below the knees. Vera Borea makes it of white piqué
2. The unbeatable shorts and mannish shirt. There's a skirt to add after the game. Hermès makes all of white silk tussur
3. Vera Borea's white piqué dress is slit to the hips and worn over trunks to match
4. The new short skirt; slit and clipped with the shorts to the shirt. Note the huge pocket for balls. Dilkusha makes all three of white granité silk (Hattie Carnegie)
5. High neck-lines for tennis are picked to win this year. Vera Borea's model is of white flax, with a braided straw belt
6. Next to white, natural is the ranking colour. Jane Regny uses natural flax for both the shirt and shorts of this outfit
7. Here is another view of the ensemble worn by No. 4. The skirt has been omitted
8. Bias cut and unpressed pleats give freedom in Jane Regny's white linen dress
9. Jane Regny lines this red, white, and blue Rodier cotton coat with red jersey
10. In lieu of a collar, wide bands cross and fasten in back on this Anne-Marie hand-knitted coat of natural coloured wool
11. Another hand-knitted tennis coat with sporting chic—Lucien Lelong's model of very dull artificial silk in natural colour

SHOP-HOUND

Tips on the shop market



WHOEVER wrote that life was real and life was earnest could not have been singing of midsummer. Because summer is a mad time and a silly time and in many ways unreal; and more power to it. There are hours, what's more, when swimming is too strenuous, tennis too hot, and bridge too exacting. Hours when we are capable only of the amiable communal idiocy of games. And that's what I've been after.

• The first find was Krazy Table Tennis—surely the most cockeyed game you ever saw. You set it up on a table under a spreading chestnut-tree, or even under a chandelier; any place, in fact, that the frenzy of the players won't demolish. The rackets are everything a well-mannered racket should not be: shaped like question-marks or with misplaced holes and even with springs. As for the balls, they are weighted and unreliable to the point of profanity. Abercrombie and Fitch found this inspired madness in England and imported it for the delight of jaded New Yorkers. (It costs about $3.50.)

• At The Party Mart (510 Madison Avenue), I found a super-racing game—our good old standby lifted from the parlour class and enlarged to human scale (your blasé guests must pinch hit for nags), which is guaranteed to console all the "not among those present" at the Kentucky Derby. The track is laid out with tape under your elms or maples. Then—to make it more crazy—the feminine contingent is asked to don equine costume and turn horse. The male contingent is supplied with huge dice in a great big bird-cage contraption that acts as Lady Luck. Wait until the dice roll you astride a hurdle and leave you stranded, with your best young man trying to roll the number that will bring you back to earth. Then consider the satisfaction that will be yours when you stop being a horse and change places with him. It's a first-class riot. For a week-end, the rental is about $10; if you must have one of your own, you can buy it for about $30—and the fun is yours for as many week-ends as you like.

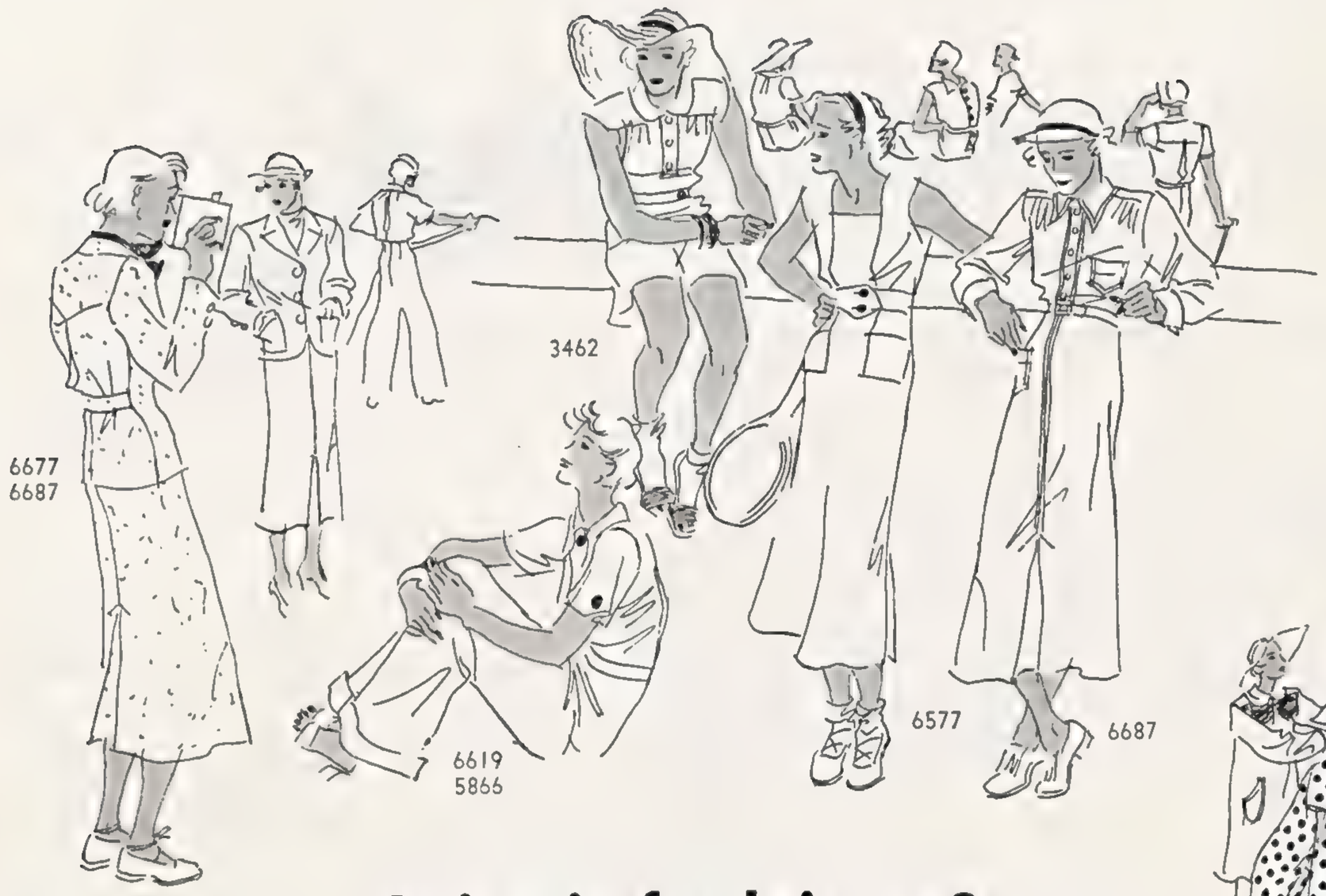
• Shop-Hound has dedicated her life to nosing around shops in New York. While she can not undertake shopping commissions, she will give information to any one who writes her, care of Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

• Pop-Pocket—that's a brand-new, try-your-luck game by the Swans—those clever fun-inventors at Joseph's Party Bureau (3 East Fifty-Seventh Street). A standard, which may be placed anywhere—indoors or out—, has eight pockets. Each player is given three ping-pong balls to bounce; and the tragedy is that only three of these eight pockets add to your score. Just try it once, and you'll find that it sounds much easier than it is. It's really hectic. All of this excitement for about $1.

• Saks-Fifth Avenue has contributed to that greatest of indulgences: self-expression. On a personally conducted tour, I ran into something that has occupied every spare minute I could command. It is an electric kiln. Along with it go bags of glazed clay, with some moulds thrown in. You can make the most fascinating things with your own hands. You never will buy a ready-made ash-tray again—because your home will be all cluttered up with "I roll my own." The price for all this released artistic ability is in the neighbourhood of $17.50.

• Single-standard and shorts notwithstanding, femininity is still a pretty desirable thing—in females. To some of us who were brought up on a spinach diet and who to this day do our daily dozen with commendable precision, it's a trifle hard to keep. And most of our games and gambols only lead us further into masculine paths. So I was vastly encouraged to find a game that rivals croquet for gentle and seemly exercise. It's called Bowl-Dart, and Wanamaker has it. Set the board up anywhere on the lawn or the beach, set your distance, and sling the dart as if you were bowling. The resultant picture is irresistible to your audience, and very good for your own circulation. The price of this is less than $4.

• With all this talk about new faces, we still have to live with the old ones—yours and mine. So let's find out something about them. Macy's has a game called "Faces" that will satisfy all of your latent desire for information about yourself and your friends. You pick out the features that are nearest to those of your subject, and, when the head is complete, you refer to a book that tells all—very scientifically, too. This is a gorgeous way to entertain those difficult guests, and a boon (Continued on page 92)





Going in for leisure?

No use talking about leisure, unless you are ready to look the part. If you are going in for back-to-nature digging, besmock yourself in the Vogue Pattern manner. If you are an adept at loafing, look casual and relaxed . . . yes, and sufficiently "exposed."

Vogue Patterns present new summer necessities in the guise of shorts and slacks, suits and tennis frock . . . and those perennial shirtwaist dresses.

Easy to make these clothes? Any one who can wield a needle and read directions can plunge right in and come up with a perfectly grand new costume.





6687—Shirtwaist frock. Sizes 14 to 42. Price is 50c.
6677—Pleat-back jacket over the frock, 12 to 42. 40c.
6619—A shirt with a pleat in back. In 12 to 42. 30c.
5866—Slacks with grand lines. 26 to 34. Price, 25c.
3462—The shirt and shorts you want. 8 to 20. 40c.
6577—Tennis frock, high or low back. 32 to 42. 50c.
6687—Easy and casual, perfect for golf. 14 to 42. 50c.
S-3716—Lots of style tucked in. In sizes 12 to 40. $1.
6673—Shorts and brassière under frock. 32 to 42. 50c.
6659—A smock. In small, medium, large sizes. 30c.
Vogue Patterns are sold at all good stores . . . see also Vogue Pattern Book—on sale there and on newsstands.

When you ride your hobby

let Vogue Patterns show you how to dress the part

Vogue Designs for dressmaking

Frock No. S-3722 - Flattering softness is achieved by the jabot and looped collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42

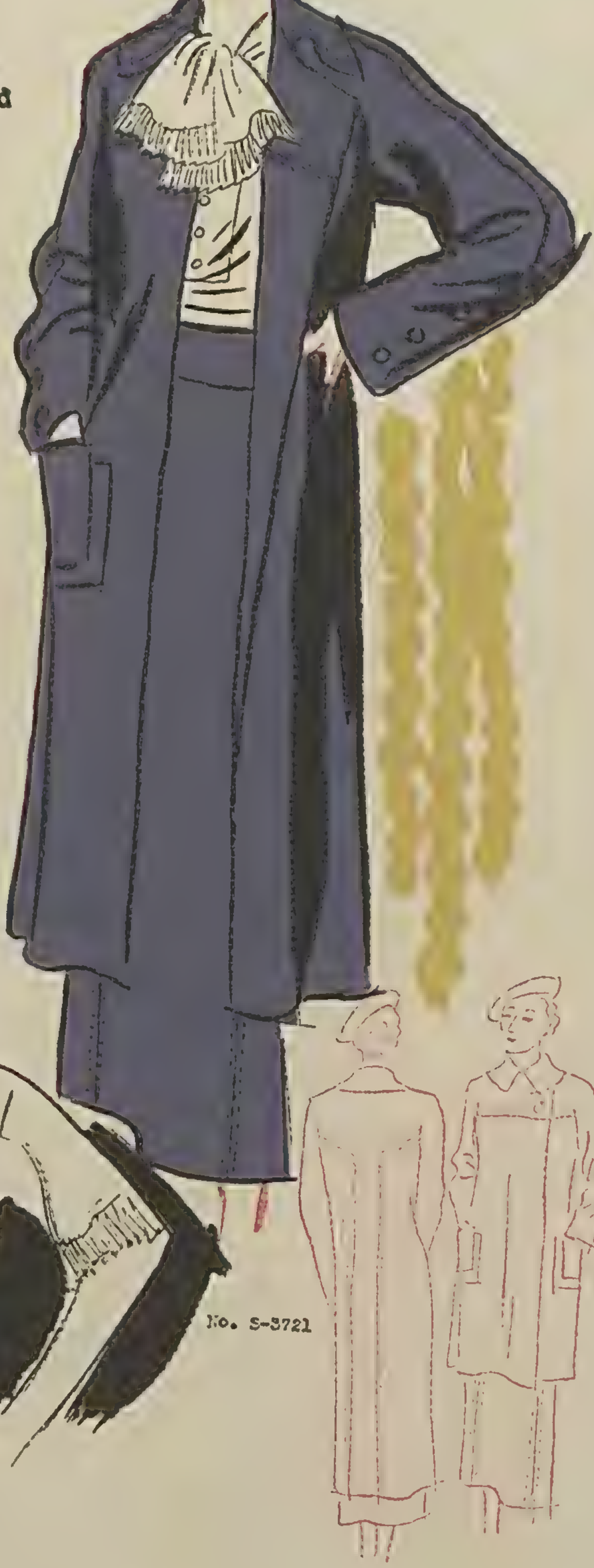
Frock No. S-3723 - The square neck-line formed by the looped collar is a smart new detail. Designed for sizes 14 to 40.



No. S-3722

No. S-3723

No. S-3721



Ensemble No. S-3721 is overwhelming evidence of the chic of pastel woollen suits for summer. It is designed for sizes 14 to 42. Forstmann's spring woollen is used

Frock No. 6702 - Double circular sleeves and a jabot collar are feminine touches on this "Easy-to-Make" frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Of Belding-Corticelli crepe



No. 6702



No. 6698

Ensemble No. 6698 is made in two versions: one of crepe for daytime; the other, a dinner-gown of lace. Designed for sizes 34 to 46. Lace from M. M. MacCarthy

Frock No. 6704 illustrates the chic of cotton for evening. It's "Easy-to-Make," and it's designed for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Of Swiss organdie from Erlanger Blumgart



No. 6704

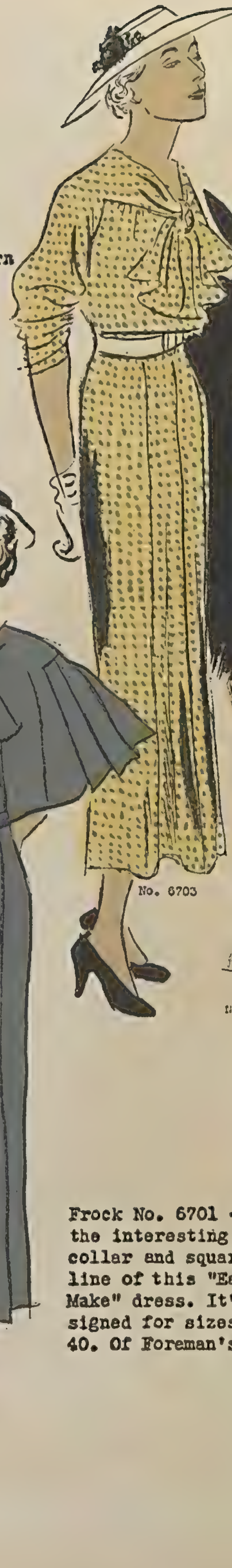
Smart Simplicity

Frock No. 6703 - For summer afternoons, what could be more charming than this "Easy-to-Make" frock with its draped sleeves? Designed for sizes 32 to 46. Of "Dotted Crepe Shalon" of Crown Rayon; L. and E. Stirn

Ensemble No. 6692 repeats its smart group pleating on skirt, sleeves, and cape. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. It is of Empire Silk foulard



No. 6692



No. 6703

No. 6701



6704



6702 6703 6701

6693

6692

Frock No. 6701 - Note the interesting double collar and square neckline of this "Easy-to-Make" dress. It's designed for sizes 12 to 40. Of Foreman's crepe

Three Smart Ensembles

Ensemble No. 6693 tops its simple frock with a jacket reminiscent of a mandarin coat. Designed for sizes 32 to 42. Of a Goldstein-Wilkins print



No. 6693

No. 6694

No. 6695

Ensemble No.6694 - Chic points are the draw-string neck-line and the swathed girdle. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. of a nobby crepe of Crown Rayon

Ensemble No. 6695 puts a linen redingote over a printed silk frock to make one of the summer's smartest outfits. Designed for sizes 32 to 42. Of L. and E. Stirn's Du Pont rayon printed foulard

A NEW SOUP *de luxe* ARRIVES ON THE SCENE



CREAM *of* MUSHROOM

chef d'oeuvre of the soup-making art

WHEN next you plan for a dinner-party and lament the fact that you haven't a special soup-chef in your kitchen to make your Mushroom Soup — just order Campbell's! Their new Cream of Mushroom relieves you for all time of any anxiety about the perfection of this course on your table.

New





Truly a soup you'll be proud to serve — and a soup Campbell's are proud to offer you. The choicest whole cultivated mushrooms are daily received at the Campbell's kitchens. These are richly puréed and blended with sweet, fresh cream — cream so thick it will hardly pour. The liberal garnish of mushroom tidbits gives added enjoyment.

So double-thick is the cream in Campbell's that when an equal quantity of water is added in your kitchen, just the right, rich creamy mushroom goodness is obtained.

The price—the same as other Campbell's Soups!

CAMPBELL'S *Cream of* MUSHROOM

Containing sweet, double-thick cream

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



They are cool as an ocean breeze—these Princessa Air-Cooled Foundations. And they have the same tonic effect on figures. Slip into this lovely Four-ply net, all-in-one. See how it lifts up the busts and smooths away that summer slouch. And all the time your feminine soul is delighted with the beauty of this tailored Net Princessa. Batiste Lastex Panels and skilful designing assure complete control and cool comfort.

If it's a step-in you're needing, there is a Princessa made of net and two-way stretch elastic. And there are Princessa Comfolettes in Voile and Mesh. You'll find them at the better stores and specialty shops—and they are cool, cool, cool!

PRINCESSA FOUNDATIONS

BY NEWMAN • 200 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK

ON HER DRESSING-TABLE



MARTINUS ANDERSEN

Here are the "sport-sizes" of Zibeline, engaging little bottles encased in these amusing band-boxes

AS you know, the sunshine Vitamin (D by name) is supposed to be all things to all men and all women, and we practically can't be happy, healthy, or handsome without it. A new way to acquire some is by means of your cosmetics. Vita-Ray has a cream, and a very special one, which is irradiated with Vitamin D. This irradiation process, incidentally, is a scientific development of ever-increasing importance, being utilized for many kinds of foodstuffs and medical formulæ. So far as we know, Vita-Ray is the only cream to be irradiated, and it held a place in the Hall of Progress at the World's Fair because of this. It's a smooth, pleasant-textured cream, and you use it for cleansing, massaging, softening, everything you use a cream for, in fact, except as a finishing preparation, the idea being the more it can be on your skin, the more benefit you get from it. It is not expensive, for all its irradiation, and you seem to be getting a lot of good cream for a small amount of money.

There are other items in the Vita-Ray series that should not be ignored, among them a light, fresh skin tonic, nice to use in summer, a rather heavyish powder of the stick-on variety, and a preparation blandly entitled Dove-skin oil that deals gently and kindly with the thin, dry type of skin. It's a help around the eyes and mouth, where wrinkles form so readily on thin skins, and a touch of it on the eyelids gives a dewy sheen. And, try rubbing a bit of it on your finger-nails, then wiping it off with a towel, to make the enamel more gleaming. The Vita-Ray preparations are in department shops all over the country.

SUMMER SIESTA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67)

But, if you don't have to diet, Miss Arden has a famous chef who will please your gourmet senses.

After lunch, you can do any of the sporting things you like. Ride with the Irish riding-master or add a wicked new stroke to your tennis repertoire under a crack instructor, or practise your drive off the tee in front of the house, or go aquaplaning or fishing or just wander off and be by yourself, if you'd rather do that. Afterwards, you can dash in for a swim if you like, and then you are always tucked into bed to rest for an hour. The hour before dinner is devoted to facial treatment and manicures and getting your hair done. There is an expert coiffeur, and you can have your coiffure all done over to match your new face.

There are cocktails before dinner, in the lovely drawing-room, but they are vegetable or fruit cocktails, which you learn to love. Afterwards, you go out on the lake or have contract lessons from an expert or pick up new steps in the tango and the rhumba. One beautiful fact about this paradise is that you can brush up on every one of your accomplishments or develop new ones under the tutelage of experts. At night, you go early to bed on the aforementioned beds that were especially designed for Miss Arden's house and certainly must be as comfortable as any in the world. And you sleep the dreamless sleep of one who knows that to-morrow will be just another such day of luxurious, ordered perfection.

You don't have to bother much about clothes for your summer siesta. Bathing-suits, shorts, pyjamas, and, if you like, tea-gowns are all you need. And, if you know anything about the Arden régimes, you know that a physician, nurses, and licensed physiotherapist will be on hand, just as they are in the Arden salon. But the most satisfactory thing to know is that all the time you are being pampered and petted, and doing all the things you like most to do, you are getting in a lot of groundwork on a set of shining new good looks for yourself. If you want the details about accommodations and such (and how you can help wanting such (and how you can help wanting we don't know!), we can supply them.

To avoid Wrinkles...to Fight Dryness



CHERISH BOTH YOUR SKINS

In UNDER SKIN (right) ward off dreaded wrinkles with deep, penetrating oil-rich cream.

In OUTER SKIN (center) stop mortifying dryness . . . roughness, with moistening cream.

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



Smooth—Glossy

1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth!

Soft—Spongy

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue has shrunken away from the outer skin.

Wrinkled—Discolored

3 Later, outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin, too!

FEW WOMEN know they must take proper care of both their skins to present a clear, fresh complexion to the world. Their *outer* skin and their *under* skin. That's not only sound sense—that's accepted scientific knowledge!

The outer skin is wafer-thin. It protects the under skin from weather, exposure. The under skin is thicker—and full of nerves, blood vessels, tiny glands that supply it with oil.

WRINKLES . . . Long before you're aware of them, wrinkles start way down in your under skin. Natural beauty oils there keep it young, firm. After "20" these oil glands often fail to function precisely. Pond's Cold Cream penetrates deeply—carries to your under skin the oils it lacks. It keeps mortifying wrinkles at bay. And Pond's Cold Cream is famous as a skin cleanser!

THE ANSWER TO DRYNESS . . . Your extremely delicate outer skin should always be kept moist. Weather, wind, steam heat, dust . . . all sap natural moisture from your thirsty outer skin. Even young women suffer from skin roughening. Don't use a grease cream for this. You need the wonderful moisture-restoring substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream! It is wonderful for softening chapped, dried-out skins quickly. Smooth it on hands, neck, arms and face.

This is how beautiful MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE describes her *Pond's Two-Skin Treatment:*

1. "***My nighttime cleansing*** . . . Pond's Cold Cream . . . removed with Pond's Tissues. Then a second cleansing, for final toning and firming. Again . . . Pond's Tissues.

2. "***Finally,*** Pond's Vanishing Cream which I leave on overnight. Softens and smooths my skin.

3. "***Mornings,*** and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream makes powder and rouge go on evenly."

Try Pond's Two Creams yourself! Send for samples. In no time at all see how soft and fresh your skin, too, will be.



Mrs. John Davis Lodge (*née Francesca Braggiotti*) *keeps both her Outer and Under skins young, fresh, with the Pond's Two-Skin Treatment. "I really believe these Two Creams are all any woman needs to keep a lovely skin."*



• For Your UNDER SKIN — a delicious oil cream — Pond's Cold Cream. Or the Liquefying Cream that melts instantly.

• For Your OUTER SKIN —a greaseless cream— Pond's Vanishing Cream. Holds powder tightly.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

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I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and two different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

Name_____

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Photo by BERENICE ABBOTT

PERFECT for every occasion where sporting sports clothes are the rule, this suit carries a subtle suggestion of horses and hounds. Its plaid is a favorite hacking habit pattern. The blouse is cut away like a side saddle coat. Hand-knitted in supple silk chenille, it solves the problem of how to look striking and still stay slim! We make it in any two strong color contrasts, but like it best in navy and white with a sulphur yellow scarf. The suit . . . $110. The hat . . . $18. The scarf . . . $9.50.

Mrs. Franklin inc.
NEW YORK: 16 East 53d St.
PHILADELPHIA: 260 So. 17th St.
HAVERFORD, PA.
WATCH HILL
BARHARBOR

PORTRAIT OF LONDON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

implications. But in England, the King still lives at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, still opens Parliament in a gilded coach drawn by eight horses; there are still red tunics at Saint James's and shining breastplates at the Horse Guards. There are still Courts and Levees, and a royal box at the opera, and if there be any one who thinks all this is too undemocratic to be endured, they may be reminded that England is, after all, one of the only two democracies left in Europe, and perhaps the more stable of the two.

MINOR OMISSIONS

Few frank Americans would deny that it is precisely these unchanging things that attract them in England. English social life is not yet a matter of museums and reconstructions; it is alive and vibrant to-day. A few things have gone, of course, notably Church Parade in Hyde Park, but it was not the advance of democracy that killed it, but the growth of the week-end habit. The silk hat is rarer in the daytime than it was, but it can still be seen in Piccadilly after dark, not only as an isolated curiosity. An English theatre audience of 1934 might be a theatre audience of 1880, except that the ladies in the stalls are a trifle more décolleté. The cabarets and night restaurants may be few in number, but their clientele has hardly changed perceptibly. In Paris, it is quite common to see men in lounge suits dancing with women in evening dress. In London, such aberrations are confined to the suburban dance-halls.

It was once the fashion to sneer at the Englishman's habit of putting on a white shirt at seven o'clock in the evening, and stories were told of Empire builders who went on doing it in the swamps of Malaya or the snows of Afghanistan. But the thing was a symbol, and symbols have the oddest trick of outliving the humour they provoke. The Freemasonry of gentility, real or assumed, is a very powerful thing, and statesmen, looking for a stable element in society, might do worse than give it a little encouragement. Such stabilities are easy enough to destroy and very difficult to replace. But whatever value English conservatism (or English snobbery) may have to the English, its value to the visitor is incontestable. It offers him a pageant still, as it were, in full swing, and the more convincing because the chief actors are not acting, but still living the parts they portray.

LONDON ALLURE

There is still—to any but the fanatical Communist—an exhilaration in the London Season. London is at its sweetest then, when the shy spring makes itself felt in parks and gardens, when flags sprout unaccountably from the upper windows of picture dealers and awnings from the front doors of photographers. The streets are suddenly more congested than ever, but half the cars seem to be Rolls-Royces; while the restaurants which, a day or two ago, were half empty, are miraculously filled with a chattering and more elegant crowd.

For—let American women be as critical as they can, and must be—there is a great deal of elegance in London. Fashions may not be so completely up-to-the-minute, but clothes are worn with an air. There are belated Edwardians who wear the clothes, almost unchanged, of 1908, but yet manage to look well dressed. Pure effrontery if you like, but a conviction that one is elegant is often more than half the battle. And for the men, Savile Row has not yet lost the proud position it has occupied for the last hundred years. There is less lounging than there was, of course, and the tiresome habit of paying calls in the morning has sunk, thank goodness, into abeyance. But at cocktail time, it is possible for the busiest man to spend a few moments with his friends. In fact, social life in London, having borrowed a few ideas from America, and, it must be admitted, a few creature comforts also, is probably pleasanter now than it ever was. It is not so hidebound, not so careful to include only those of completely similar upbringing. The net cast may not be wide, but it is wider than before. Society has relaxed without disintegrating, a feat which English society has shown itself peculiarly capable of performing, over and over again.

BRITISH PROSPERITY

And, as its standard of luxury was never as high as that of New York during the boom years, so it shows a much smaller falling-off when times are bad. A recent visitor, impressed by the apparent prosperity of London, proposed to open a new dressmaking house "now that the depression is over." To which a very wise Englishwoman replied: "My dear, there never was a depression in England. Unless there is a boom, there can not be a depression. There can be ups and downs, but not that depression which overtakes you in America consequent on the mountainous peaks you enjoy in boom days. It is true that our hearts sank—and to some degree our stocks also—when we went off the Gold Standard, but that didn't last long. We were so used to doing without, to making do, to putting the best air on and enduring what other countries would probably consider poverty, but which seems quite dignified comfort to us, that we are amazed at people telling us that we have overcome the depression."

Even the changes, the fundamental changes which have come over England since the War, seem to have intensified the apparent prosperity of London. The vital fact about English upper-class life is undoubtedly the decay of the great country house. Those rambling mansions with their broad acres, their shooting, their trout-streams, their lavish air of belonging to an unshakeable Ascendancy—these have gone, or are going. Every morning, *The Times* is full of advertisements of country estates "ripe for development." Many quite wealthy people can no longer keep up establishments in the country, and the result is that their town houses are crammed with the treasures which used to be dispersed up and down the Home (Continued on page 84b)

Snapping the Snappers



• The warm June days find the open season for snapshooters in full swing. Everywhere you go you hear the click of the camera. You will be surprised to find that the friends you least suspect have become ardent picture takers. Most enthusiastic, and successful to boot, is Toni Frissell, known in private life as Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon, III, whose snaps of fascinating places and people brighten the pages of our smart magazines. She now catches other fans taking snapshots themselves.



SNAPPED BY MRS. BROKAW

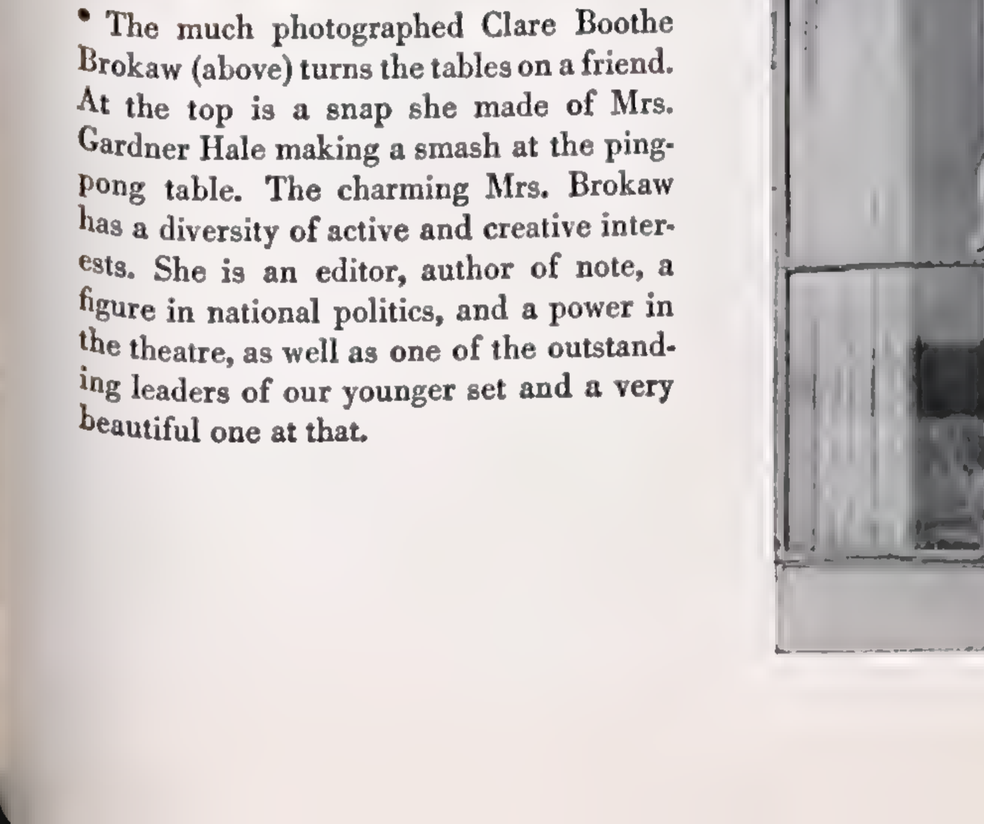


• Here we see Mr. Alexander Hamilton (above) caught in his garden at Tuxedo in the act of photographing his lovely wife and their police dog, Westy, whose real name is Western Missouri. (On the right is the snap he got.) Mr. Hamilton, true to the tradition of his name, is interested in city politics and is president of the Young Men's Republican Club of New York.



SNAPPED BY MR. HAMILTON

• Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt (below), pet Kodak in hand, snapped the day before she boarded the boat for England, where she will be a brilliant figure in the gayest season London has had in years. She never misses an opportunity to take pictures wherever she goes.



• The much photographed Clare Boothe Brokaw (above) turns the tables on a friend. At the top is a snap she made of Mrs. Gardner Hale making a smash at the ping-pong table. The charming Mrs. Brokaw has a diversity of active and creative interests. She is an editor, author of note, a figure in national politics, and a power in the theatre, as well as one of the outstanding leaders of our younger set and a very beautiful one at that.



• Mrs. Brokaw, Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mr. Hamilton use the new precision Kodak Six-20. You, too, can buy one at any camera counter. Kodaks Six-20 and Six-16 range from $14 to $40, according to the picture size and the lens you want to go in for.

• Toni Frissell uses the Kodak Recomar, Eastman's versatile Kodak, made in one of their foreign factories. You can purchase it for $46, or, if you wish a larger size picture, $55. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Adv.

Correct

GLASSWARE FOR EVERY OCCASION IN A WIDE VARIETY OF CHARMING DESIGNS

Shown in the circle are water goblets—in four of Fostoria's newest designs. Other delightful patterns are available, both in crystal and colors.

Glasses shown in the border are:
1. Cocktail....2. Sherry....3. Wine...
4. Brandy....5. Creme de Menthe...
6. Champagne....7. Rhine Wine...
8. Claret....9. Cordial....10. Brandy Inhaler...11. Whiskey...12. Old-Fashioned...13. Pony...14. Highball.

•

Fostoria solves for you one of the greatest problems of Repeal—by providing absolutely correct glassware in four convenient assortments. See these lovely glasses at your store—you will be delighted when you read the price tags!

Write for our booklet "Correct Wine and Table Service." Fostoria Glass Co., Moundsville, W.Va.

Fostoria

THE GLASS OF FASHION

ENTERTAINING ROYALTY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

and valets. Etiquette dies harder down-stairs than up-stairs, and in the country houses housemaids and valets are accorded the precedence due to their respective masters and mistresses. This being so, you can imagine the amount of pomp and ceremony with which the body-servants of royalty are entertained. The staff of the country house will be found more than willing to put themselves to untold exertions rather than ask for extra help, in order to have the honour and glory of serving royalty.

PRELIMINARIES

To welcome the King and Queen, a roll of red baize is spread out in front of the house, and the host and hostess will of course be "discovered" bowing on the steps of the door. Otherwise, there is hardly any special preparation to be made, and after the royal visitors have been received, there is little to remember beyond the formalities of address and the commonplaces of etiquette. Of the hostess's feverish consultations with the cook, I have already written. Naturally, the host will have a correspondingly anxious heart-to-heart talk with the butler in the cellar, and the gardener will be called upon to produce his choicest blooms. Each hothouse will render up its glories, and infinite trouble be taken over the "doing" of the flowers, not one of which will blush unseen or waste its fragrance on the Queen, who takes the most intense delight in flowers and their arrangement. There is, by the way, no department of housekeeping that does not interest her, and she loves to be taken on a round of inspection of everything in a home, from the linen cupboard to the latest gadget for washing up.

Of course, no one must sit while royalty stands or precede it from a room. These simple rules one would think could escape no memory, but not long ago I saw a singularly unversed host so far forget himself as to walk out of the room in front of the Prince who was honouring his house by a visit, thus presenting him with the hitherto unseen spectacle of a subject's back at close quarters. His Royal Highness looked not annoyed, but astounded. Never before have I seen surprise so vividly "registered!"

Naturally, every member of the party must be presented to the guest of honour and if possible given a short conversational inning. All the ladies of the royal family breakfast in their bedrooms, and down-stairs this meal is without any formality. At the end of dinner and other meals, the hostess, as usual, gives the signal to rise from the table, but it is the royal visitor who has the convenient privilege of deciding when it is time to go to bed.

After dinner, there may be conversation, music, or games. I shall never forget my embarrassment on an occasion when I played poker with a princess. Poker is a very democratic game. Somehow, "I see you" seemed a very free-and-easy thing to say. By bad luck, I had the one "royal flush" of my life and lacked the courage to declare it. I just felt that I could *not* say "I've got a royal flush."

Fortunately for all concerned, the old Court rule that no subject conversing with a royalty must ever introduce a new topic of conversation is now quite obsolete. All the royalties are most grateful to any one who will take the initiative in talk. Like every one else, they love to be amused, and very few topics are taboo.

It is wonderful, however, to see the unnerving precision with which some people contrive to say the one wrong thing. For example, the well-meaning old lady who gushed to George III., "I do so *love* Court ceremonies! There's nothing I look forward to so much, and I've seen every kind now except a Coronation!"

The program for Sunday will have been arranged beforehand, and any neighbouring house that is to be visited should be given as long warning as possible by letter or word of mouth from the house where the royal visitors are to stay. Whoever is to have the brief honour of entertaining at luncheon or tea will naturally wish to make special preparations in the way of food, flowers, and guests. The telephone should not be used for conveying the news of an impending royal visit, as the discretion of a country Post Office can not be depended upon, and expectant crowds might gather. The Queen is a most assiduous sightseer and, when staying in the country, delights to visit anything worth seeing—be it residence, church, or ruin—within a large radius. There is very little she does not know about architecture, furniture, and decoration.

Neighbouring country houses do not always get as much notice of the honour intended them as they could wish. I remember once when the first intimation was the advent of the burly policeman who explained his early call by the startling words, "I've come over in connection with Her Majesty's visit to-morrow." We did not even know that the Queen was staying in the neighbourhood. I shall never forget the ensuing perturbation—the telephoning to the Lord Chamberlain for instructions as to red baize, the flustered servants, and the children and governess white to the lips. In the schoolroom, the trepidation is no less than in the pantry. When I was seven, it was decided that I should have the honour of presenting a bouquet to Her Majesty, who was coming to luncheon, but my stage fright was such that I fled the house and hid in the hay-loft until all was over, and then wept inconsolably because I had not seen the Queen.

THE PRINCESS APPEARS

I am sure that every child brought up on fairy-stories must suffer a sharp pang of disappointment the first time she actually sees a royalty. I remember the intense thrill to my small self at hearing I was to meet a "real Princess." The word "Princess" conjured up a vision of transcendent loveliness with golden hair only less glittering than her golden crown. Oh, the bitter disillusion of the reality! Not only was there no crown on the head of the King's Daughter, but, instead of wearing shining "raiment," she was neatly though, to my eyes, most unglamorously clad (Continued on page 85)

"MUMM'S

Société Vinicole de Champagne-Successeur

the word"

from the CHAMPAGNE district of France



G.H.Mumm & Co

SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE_SUCCESSEUR

REIMS

Our Champagne wines are made from the finest grapes and particularly appeal to the cultivated taste. Our cellars, since 1854, have uninterruptedly held reserves of Champagne wines.

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LA MAISON FRANÇAISE . . . 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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"I promise you it will transform and glorify Your Skin"

Kathleen Mary Quinlan



Makes the driest skin velvety . . . the dullest skin softly radiant . . . ends powder-dabbing

My new Mist of Dawn Liquid Finishing Cream is one of my greatest, most wonderful successes.

It is utterly different... like thick, real cream, fragrant with Spring. It will give your skin a miraculous, new freshness that is like the natural, fresh bloom of youth! Like the velvety depth of the lily petal!

Blend it in before make-up. My Liquid Finishing Cream takes away all the hard look, the stretched appearance so many skins have under rouge and powder.

Yet there's not a drop of oil in it! You can dance through the night ...without furtive powder-dabbing. You may even use it without any powder at all!

At the better stores in a unique, white porcelain jar, in a lovely pink box—$2.00.

Before wining and dining—use

MY MIST OF DAWN POWDER—Silky, delicately perfumed, wonderfully adherent—and economical. $1.50 . . . **MY CREAM ROUGE**—Gives a transparent, natural glow. Needs no renewing. 3 shades. $1.50 . . . **MY EVENING LIP STICK**—Purse-size. 3 shades. $1.00 . . . **MY EYE SHADOW**—Gives your eyes a mysterious subtle charm. $1.50.

The better stores have all my preparations—and my treatment booklets for home care—or you may write to me direct at my Salon, 655 Fifth Ave., New York.

Kathleen Mary Quinlan

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PERENNIAL PARIS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

until the next dinner of the Saisons de Paris. This organization, thanks to the Marquis de Polignac, has turned out to be an excellent form of collective entertainment. Any one who wants to give a dinner chooses its monthly gathering. It saves you the bother of ordering the menu, and, what is more, one is sure to find a festive atmosphere and run into most of one's friends. The last dinner was at the Café de Paris. It couldn't have been gayer or more crowded. In July, there are plans for a big ball in Versailles with fireworks and supper on the famous terraces. And later, another ball, in the old setting of the Hôtel Biron, in Paris, the beautiful old house that is now the Rodin Museum.

The next day, you call up the Comtesse Pecci-Blunt, to hear what she is doing. She has been busy in Rome lately, organizing a series of concerts of French music. The *Psaume* of Igor Markevitch, the most recent opus of the young composer, has had a *succès fou.*

Now in Paris, the Comtesse Pecci-Blunt does what the Parisians do—she gets interested in politics. "Do come on Mondays, after five," she invites you. You will meet many interesting people, amusing men, surprising types. And she tells you of the articles she has been writing for "*Le Jour,*" on the Rome she knows so well. She is a niece of Pope Leo XIII.

THE SALON REVIVED

Afternoon receptions are really the thing. Evening parties are suffering from our busy life. It seems you can induce the notables out of their dens or offices by day for a cup of tea or a glass of port, but they won't show up at night. And so, salons of all types, which were for centuries traditional in France, are reviving rapidly. Every day of the week, you will find some of our hostesses at home, the centre of witty, informed conversation.

If you are interested chiefly in politics, go on Mondays to the young Comtesse André de Fels, whose husband was until recently *député.* Or go on Wednesday to the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld's. She is herself very active in politics, being the president of one of the largest associations of the country to give the vote to women, and a writer of talent, as well.

Tuesday, the Marquise de Crussol opens her doors to friends interested in world affairs. Hers was one of the most interesting salons in Geneva, while the League of Nations held its important sessions there. Comtesse de Cossé-Brissac mixes society and politics entertainingly.

If you want to meet literary personalities, go on Tuesdays to Madame Louis Bour's. You are certain to find Paul Valéry and often Paul Morand with Madame Morand. We listened eagerly to Kessel, the writer, at Madame Denys Trefusis's house. If you want to talk to the artists, pay a call on Fridays at Mademoiselle Madeleine Le Chevrel's. Sundays, an international gathering is always to be found at Lady Mendl's, in her house in Versailles.

How serious we are! We love Jean Cocteau's new play, "La Machine Infernale," at the Comédie des Champs-Élysées. It is Œdipus and his Complex, redivivus, or How Ill-Luck Triumphs under the Disguise of Good Luck. The play was directed by Jouvet and was given in settings so small they made the human beings, by contrast, look like giants, like heroes, like gods. Red, the shade of curdled blood, were the curtains of Rodier material—a colour as tragic as the fate of the doomed Atrides. The Sphinx whose riddles Œdipus must answer was played very subtly by Lucienne Bogaert, as a lovely monster, her beauty crowned by flame-red hair in Katharine Hepburn fashion, the poetic words falling from her lips in long, strange strings of brilliant beads.

IN THE AUDIENCE

The smartly dressed audience was deeply moved. There was Madame Georges Auric, the composer's wife, wearing a black tulle dress under a vague burnoose-like coat of pale blue tulle from Mainbocher. With her was Simone Simon, the young actress who played in the latest Croisset offering this winter. The Vicomtesse de Noailles wore a faille evening coat from Lelong; the Comtesse de Cossé-Brissac a Paquin coat of white faille. After the play, we went behind the scenes to congratulate Cocteau on what will perhaps be looked upon, in a few years, as his masterpiece. Christian Bérard was the painter responsible for the lovely settings, but, before the Vicomtesse de Noailles could congratulate him, she fell into irrepressible peals of laughter at his newly grown beard, which transforms his young full face into some mythological entity.

From the theatre, many went on to the opening of Monte Cristo, the new night-club. A good night-club it is, in the traditional, sentimental manner, with more or less Oriental setting, soft lights, crooning music, narrow dance floor.

Music has for her devotees a very strong appeal, and her devotees are more devoted than ever—to judge from the Furtwaengler concerts. "Oh, if music could be played the whole night" —said Nadia Boulanger, the musician, at the Capucines after one of the concerts. "It is too bad one has neighbours who want to sleep." These Furtwaengler concerts were attended *en masse.* There were enough beautiful women to draw definite conclusions on fashion. From head to toe, the striking points were the high coiffures, the taffeta evening wraps, the sandals.

FASHION POINTS

Hair was brushed or curled very high. Nathalie Paley wore hers in this upward way. Madame Martinez de Hoz looked like a classic statue with a braid taking the place of the dying diadem. The Marquise de Paris, just back from Spain, wore Augustabernard's long green taffeta evening w[illegible]. The Comtesse Celani was in Lel[illegible]'s long coat of stiff black satin. Madame Agnès's blue-white hair was accented by a coat of blue taffeta.

At the annual opening of the Ambassadeurs restaurant, a gala occasion also, the (Continued on page 88)



and Dad gave us a new La Salle



Railways of
FRANCE

Brittany is smiling to you . . .
Normandy never looked better . . . and it's time for happiness and lovely leisure in every part of France . . . as a speedy express train takes you from Havre, Cherbourg, Marseilles, scenery incomparable unfolds before your eager eye ▼ Test the wonders of regional cuisines ...come and see the wines of France in the making...try the local "vins du pays", the cheapest and often the best . . . the scenery, too, is regional . . . a land of a thousand wonders . . . Burgundy, Champagne, Alsace, Anjou, so much more than mere names . . . so much more than vintages . . . flowers, flowers everywhere . . . across wild and rugged country, through tunnels and viaducts over deep, narrow valleys ▼ Fast trains for those in a hurry, marvelous historic highways for more leisurely travel, bear you on to the Pyrenees, to Gascony, Savoy, Provence, to the Banks of the Rhone flowing along the foothills of the Alps . . . to the beaches of the Riviera or of the Basque country . . . every part of France is beckoning to you ▼ Hotel rates and cost of living have been adjusted to the value of the dollar and afford considerable savings over those of 1926 . . . your local travel agency will plan an itinerary.

PETIT TRIANON
...the hamlet

610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"NOT A DAY OVER THIRTY"



For the older woman is this bathing-dress with a bolero-like front and separate tights; of navy, brown, or black foulard; Saks-Fifth Avenue. I. Magnin, California, has it in plain silk jersey

Double thicknesses of black, brown, or navy silk, polka-dotted in white, are used for the bathing-dress, centre; underpants attached. From Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York; I. Magnin, California

Diagonal tucks on this all-in-one bathing-suit of navy-blue wool jersey are slenderizing to the older woman (see pages 62 and 63). From Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York; I. Magnin, California

PORTRAIT OF LONDON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80)

Counties and beyond. The over-abundance of Georgian silver, Chippendale chairs, Waterford glass, pictures, and objects of virtu, is a positive embarrassment, and the salesrooms have perhaps never offered so many opportunities to the enterprising buyer with taste. But even the salesrooms can not provide a sufficient outlet, and the strange fashion has arisen of selling off quite valuable family possessions at evening auction parties. The money received is often given to charity, and the method is perhaps one of the pleasantest ways of redistributing national treasures. There was the Ellesmere auction at Bridgwater House, and Crewe House, never before opened to the public, is shortly to be used for the same purpose.

The passion for exhibitions points in the same direction. We have Queen Anne exhibitions, or Charles II. exhibitions, or Elizabethan exhibitions, the contents of each drawn almost entirely from private collections, and shown usually in some private house where they can certainly be seen to more advantage than in the show-cases of museums, however well arranged. The visitor has never had so many opportunities of seeing the inside of beautiful houses and of appreciating their contents, as now, when the life they represented is passing away.

Perhaps that seems obvious enough. The French Revolution must have offered to the public a view of many a château and hotel that had never been seen before by any but the privileged few. In modern Vienna, you can see the corpse of aristocracy laid out in state in many a gorgeous sarcophagus But in England, matters are a little different. There has been no violent break, but a gradual transformation, and the old ruling classes, although diluted, are by no means extinct. As they were never a fixed caste, so they are not broken by the impact of new forces. As they never had any hard edges, there was nothing to crumble away. The process of assimilation has been going on for so long, with bigger and bigger meals, each digested as completely as the last, that one is tempted to believe that the English ruling classes, like a boa-constrictor, could assimilate anything and transform it to their own image. The dominant flavour of English life is still the same; it is even, to the sensitive palate, intensified, for it is a little more self-conscious. It takes itself less completely for granted, and it imposes itself so completely that the visitor is apt to wonder whether, in spite of the physical changes in the streets of London, any change has taken place at all.

TO WIN THEM AND HOLD THEM TAKES

PERSONALITY

Personality always wins its way to lasting friendships and public favor...The world's preference for the quality of Budweiser Beer emphasizes the charm and personality of this exceptional brew. No other beer has ever approached its record in sales; the greatest in bottled beer history. Generation after generation have accepted it as the symbol of good living.



Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

For those who make living a fine art

ANHEUSER-BUSCH SAINT LOUIS



Wedding Gown courtesy of Saks Fifth Avenue

MODERN

IN TREASURE

LUCKY INDEED is the bride whose table will have the exquisite beauty of this newest of Sterling patterns, MODERN CLASSIC . . . created by Robert E. Locher, one of America's most important contemporary designers.

Day after day, year after year, she will enjoy its sheer beauty and classic loveliness . . . delighting always in the possession of the work of a famous designer and the craftsmanship of master silversmiths.

When you see MODERN CLASSIC in actual silver, at your jeweler's, you will quickly appreciate why it is

CLASSIC

SOLID SILVER

being given such a warm welcome by critics and society's leading hostesses. You will be amazed that anything so utterly simple can be so gorgeously rich.

Then there are the eight other famous "Treasure" patterns, shown below. Each has its important place in certain decorative schemes, enabling you to select the perfect pattern for your own particular dining room.

To help you make a wise choice, we have prepared "The Modern Way To Choose Your Silver." Write for a copy. Dep't. A-19, Rogers, Lunt & Bowlen, Greenfield, Mass.



ENTERTAINING ROYALTY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82)

in a tailor-made coat and skirt. Scarcely could I suppress tears of disappointment or execute my so assiduously practised curtsey.

As for a King without either crown or sceptre and seated on any piece of furniture other than a throne, to my childish mind, this was an impossible idea. How, I wondered, remembering the alchemic power of fancy-dress, is it possible to *feel* royal unless you are dressed for the part? How be every inch a King without those extra few inches of gold on top? It was not until later that it occurred to me that, of course, Kings and Queens must keep the resources of fancy-dress in reserve for special occasions and appear in their full panoply with all the awe and attribute of Majesty only for the Opening of Parliament and other great ceremonials.

ROYAL CHILDREN

The only members of the royal family who can go out into society without arousing pomp or ceremony are the children, who, when they go to a tea-party, are allowed to enjoy themselves as freely and easily as any of the other guests. The Duchess of York does not believe in too much organized enjoyment for her two delightful daughters, so the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are not allowed to go to many parties, but those they do attend, they enjoy immensely and obviously. They are not treated with any chilling deference or frigid formality. No red baize, no curtseying, and beyond taking the first dip into the bran-pie, they are given no precedence. That is to say, there is no official procedure, yet one wonders whether any little boy would feel quite comfortable if he won Musical Chairs when Princess Elizabeth was taking part in the game? Not that there is anything in her manner that could make the victor feel he had done the wrong thing. I have never seen any young lady with a greater gift for setting her fellow creatures at their ease. Her social technique is enviable, and she would be an invaluable asset to any party. In her absence, she is also most useful as a topic, for the royal family love to talk about her charms.

How sad, then, that the English, the most loyal of all people, should be the least able to throw off a paralysing self-consciousness in the presence of royalty! We find it so difficult to be formal without being stiff. Observance of any degree of etiquette seems to rob us of all ease.

DIFFICULTIES OF ETIQUETTE

What a pity the French have deprived themselves of the pleasure of setting us an example in how to entertain royalty. How well they would combine the most picturesque ceremony with complete social ease!

I, for one, must confess myself constitutionally incapable of feeling at ease in the presence of royalty; I can not forget myself. A tête-à-tête with the Queen would, I am sure, be comparatively easy. It is the consciousness that my friends are watching to see how I acquit myself that makes me so uncomfortable. I suffer from acute stage fright over my curtsey, and become terribly flustered as to whether I am punctuating my remarks with the correct number of "Your Highnesses." A straightforward answer or question is child's play. No difficulty in saying "Yes, Your Royal Highness" or "No, Your Royal Highness." It is when I have to negotiate a complex sentence that I get so rattled. "Would Your Royal Highness like to see Her (or Your?) Royal Highness's room?" The magnificent title of "Your Majesty" I feel I could handle better. Somehow, it would seem more worth while. But, alas, it is now the drab custom to address the King and Queen as "Sir" and "Ma'am."

As a symptom of my acute consciousness of royalty, I confess that I have often caused amusement by dropping a curtsey to the telephone when I was "put through" to some member of the royal family!

ERRATUM

In the May 1, 1934 issue of Vogue, we had a mental lapse—one brought on, probably, by an attack of spring fever and one for which we offer our sincere apologies. What we described on page 44 of that issue, under the heading "Net and Cellophane," as a Mainbocher model is, actually, an Alix costume, the description of which appears in the lower caption on the opposite page, and the model we credited to Alix, on page 45, is a Mainbocher suit, the description of which appears in the upper caption on page 44. In other words, we mixed our suits—much to our sincere regret.

STETSON SHOES . .

LIGHT AS LAUGHTER . . FASHIONED OF EVANS LEATHERS

Stetson makes — and makes superbly — the type of smart classic shoe always found in the wardrobe of the woman of taste.



In the creation of many of their loveliest models Stetson designers have made inspired use of Evans Leathers. For they have learned from experience that Evans Leathers enhance both the beauty and comfort of a shoe, giving it added pliability . . . and a finish of rich "natural beauty" that is highly prized by women. The attractive model illustrated here, fashioned of Evans No. 101 Brown is for sale in all Stetson Shops. John R. Evans & Co., Camden, New Jersey.

Evans kid Leathers

in black and standard colors

Surf Rider!



STREAMLINED for speed, sculptured for style . . . like the silver fin of a fish you'll cut the water. White will be your color and, to make the effect even more dazzling, you'll offer the contrast of a ravishing coat of tan. If (because it's new, and so *very* good) you choose baby blue for your suit, you'll tan a light, becoming café au lait. But either way you'll be smart in this Bradley suit, with its rough, ribbed surface, its cleverly fashioned bodice, and its snug, little demi-skirt. Bodice and pants are lined (as all white suits should be), and the skirt extends only across the front. In green and bright navy, too, at a price decidedly *au courant*. The Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin. "Slip into a Bradley and out-of-doors."

Bradley

THE BLACK PARIS OF THE WEST INDIES

By Mrs. Smiley Blanton

ONE would think that the West Indies offered no distraction other than climate, scenery, and tall glasses full of iced liquids. But actually, to any one interested in colour, or race, or costume, they are enthralling. We creep in and out of harbours that are just little round submerged volcanic craters with more volcanoes, extinct and otherwise, towering above them and beaches of drifty white sand surrounding them. Your little white ship lies in water so unbelievably blue that it is impossible to think that if you drew up a bucket of it, it would be only just water.

The natives, of course—with their brilliant and beguiling head-dresses, like those shown on page 38—, are an eternal source of interest to tourists, but in a very superficial way. After a while, they become somewhat of a nuisance to most, smiling for a "quatie," posing for "une dollair," or just panhandling or wanting you to kiss the baby for small silver. "Marster, Mistriss, gi' dis boy a nickle! He cole!"—in the tropical sun!

On your first visit, it is all new, and funny, and amusing, and you love it. On your second, you become a connoisseur of rum, and let it go at that. But if you go a third time, you are probably lost to New York. You become "*un revenant*" and especially if it is Martinique! Some one once called it "The place to which one returns." And that was clever.

ISLAND INDIVIDUALITY

For me, the secret of the charm of the islands is that, after a while, order slowly evolves from the chaos in one's mind, and one discovers that each of these islands has its own personality, its own flavour (and savour), and even its own fashions. Martinique, Cayenne, Guadeloupe are all of French influence, but yet all different. And the group of French islands differs from Montserrat or British Dominique or Dutch Curaçao. Nor does it stop there. On each island, there is the correct and smart fashion for each colour of skin.

On all but a few, the general clothing is no longer distinctive. But the head-dress differs on each island and sometimes on various parts of the island, and surely in various castes. On all, however, except Haiti, plaid is the basic colour, just as one might say black is the basic street colour in Paris. But there are plaids and plaids. Also, on the island, there are skins and skins. Where in our world the skin colour may swing from a creamy tan to a pinky white, in that world of fashion they begin at the bottom of the scale with dark skins that actually have a blue cast (what a problem the head-dress must present for them!) and range all the way from that through tête-de-nègre, through varying caramels and reddish-browns, and, according to the mixture of black tribe and white national, through all the fruit shades—orange, tangerine, banana, guava, sapodilla—and with all degrees of saturation or of greyness up to a pale greyed café au lait or a clear pure cream. And yet with all my browsing in twenty islands, I have seen only one plaid that seemed to be hopelessly wrong. But its wearer had blue gums and tongue, as well as blue-black skin; a true "gunni-nigger." Perhaps nothing that she put on ever looked quite right.

Usually, the taste is impeccable, and the plaids are remarkably pure in colour. None of those obscured lines that we call muddy are ever seen. The plaids are stiffened with gum arabic or some heavy clear starch before they are folded. And they may be faded, but they are always clean.

COLOUR VALUES

The Negress with chocolate-brown skin chooses violent colours: white, white and red and blue, yellow, or red and blue in pure saturation. Her colours are one hundred per cent. colour, all strong and stinging, which make the whites of the eyes and the teeth flash.

The woman with the clearish red skin will tend to pick a pale yellow as the predominant colour and the "high yellow" or the "creamy tans," the yellows, blues, reds, rose, purples, and those indefinite greyed reds and browns which we would call ashes of something or other. Most of the blues have a purple hue, and a combination of purple and red is not uncommon. A combination strangely Parisian for black islands in the Caribbean! Black-and-white plaid is correct for mourning, pure white for such dress occasions as special market-days. In Haiti, strangely enough, for all its long French domination and its Louis XIV. taste in furniture and architectural detail, there is very little plaid. The preference is white or red. The bandanna of our own southern Negroes prevails.

The origin of all this fashion seems to have been in the sumptuary laws regarding what slaves might wear. The head-kerchief was an admission of black blood whether slave or free. The particular way in which it was tied depended, I suppose, on many things. It was certainly used originally as a padding or "cotta" for the distribution of weight on the head. But why, on Montserrat, for instance, the draping is like an Arab chieftain, and on Martinique, a sort of Greek psyche-knot, will belong with the mysteries. Certainly, the Martinique tie has ultrachic.

MARTINIQUE

But Martinique is the spot above all others! It is the Paris of the West Indies. Settled by the French, it speaks a soft creole patois that is very lovely. The jewellery of Santa Lucia may be sharks' bones stained black, alternating with shells and beans, but the ornaments of Martinique will be of eighteen-carat gold beaten out in hollowed forms of great grace—designs that are of a local tradition, but that certainly have been influenced by the last of the Louis and Napoleon the Great. Marie Antoinette would not have felt out of place in Martinique! And the exquisite statue of the Empress Josephine by Vital Debray, looking towards her supposed birthplace just off the coast of Martinique, dominates the plaza and the town of Fort-de-France.

Indeed, (Continued on page 88)

When you undress for bed—



Undress your FACE too!

Use all the cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly the Hollywood way . . . guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY A GIRL who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed is actually leaving bits of stale daytime make-up to choke the pores all night. She does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but leaves them clogged day after day.

"Heavens! What's *wrong* with my skin?" Soon she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you can *protect* it—keep it so clear and beautiful!



Joan Blondell
WARNER BROTHERS STAR



Precious Elements in this Soap

In this soap are precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!



PERENNIAL PARIS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84)

Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge wore gold sandals to match her gold paillette Lelong dress. She had on some of Chanel's already famous jewellery, designed by the Duke de la Verdura. The bracelets of heavy gold are sunk with brilliant stones, reminding one of the Byzantine or Merovingian barbaric splendours. Madame Jean Bonnardel danced in a sheath of silver paillettes. Blue, flame, yellow, and black flashed predominantly throughout the evening, and silver fox capes hugged many shoulders.

This annual fête was a definite proof —if such a proof is needed—that women have not forgotten the very important art of looking beautiful in beautiful clothes, despite their varied and different interests. Fridays, for instance, continue to be gay at the Café de Paris. The other night, the Comtesse Césare Celani, Nathalie Paley, and Mrs. George A. Dixon all wore the same Lelong dress of brown taffeta and tulle, the shoulders well covered, but the décolletage low in front—an arrestingly lovely model.

Already, one looks ahead for exciting events to come. Very soon, we are going to see Ida Rubinstein at the Opéra. She will create among others a ballet called "Persephone," with music by Stravinsky, based on a poem of André Gide. In July, there will be the wedding of the Duc de Luynes and Señorita Juanita Unzue, a charming Argentine girl.

And—there are always the races to go to, as much for fashion as for the horses. Longchamp is crowded with neat tailleurs, trim redingote coats, dresses with small capes, flashes of white, and—above all—with enormous hats. Looking down from the high tribunes is like looking over a sea of umbrellas. Enormous hats, big, silly, mad, trimmed with feathers or flowers, perched perilously on the side, or worn levelly over the brows, almost all anchored by elastics. Not only at the races, but all day long, from early morning to late evening, these large hats cover Paris.

After all, these flippant, mad hats counterbalance the more serious strain of Paris thoughts. The deeper the minds, the lighter the hats. This is Paris as ever. If life is at its earnest and most passionate, the French dare to add a chapeau that is a lovely joke.

THE BLACK PARIS OF THE WEST INDIES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86)

perhaps Josephine, white and exquisite, overshadowed by Mount Pelée, towering and ominous, and the two rivers, Monsieur and Madam, set the stage for the drama of charming coloured faces and erect bodies. Surely, the Martinique belle has a chic not surpassed in Paris. She combines intense colours—but with an unerring instinct for effect. Her dress will be a simple bodice with fullish sleeves and a long, full skirt. It may be in a single colour, but it is more likely in several, with a design of flowers, stripes, or rainbow-bands. At the neck, there is a triangle of silk called the foulard. (They used to be called neckerchiefs in the South.) On her head, a plaid turban, conventionally tied. At her ears, large circular rings big as hollow half-dollars in pure gold. Around her neck, an intricate short string of gold flat pieces or of beads. One of the most glamorous touches, however, is found in the wearing of the dress. The edge of the hem is caught up in a loop over the belt in just the right place to break, and yet to lengthen the line, and it exposes a tiny bit of dazzling white petticoat with tucks and embroidery. If she wears store shoes, they are high, button shoes, and the buttons from the instep up are carefully carelessly left undone to expose a rolled stocking. The Martinique flapper at her best!

THE PASSING OF NATIVE FASHION

However, the younger generation here as elsewhere is causing a change of mode. The young Martinique girl wears high-heeled sandals and a hat, and carries things on her hip instead of her head! She no longer wears the kerchief even under her hat, as one often sees. Her dress is plain and copied from a French fashion sheet. Only the earrings persist. To go out without one's earrings would be comparable to going out in New York without lipstick, which, by the way, the island belle does not use.

In ten or twenty years, the costume will be gone. In the islands where tourists go, the plaid will be replaced by the hat. One will need to go to stranger and smaller islands to recapture glimpses of the early days of the West Indies.

CREOLE MELODY

But one picture I shall hold always in my mind. It is the square at Fort-de-France. The mountains of Martinique have gathered their thunderous cloud turbans, but the sun shines brilliantly. The inhabitants are squatting in the shade of the market or sitting in the cafés. In the square, unaware of the heat and the impending storm, stands the little stately marble Empress with her creole features and her exquisite carriage. And swinging past her is an octoroon. Her skin is like a ripe guava with velvet bloom. She is in mourning. Her dress is black. It is entirely First Empire. On her head is the mourning plaid in black-and-white, and she is singing the plaintive creole song:

"Toc, toc, toc! Ça qui là?
C'est moin—mêmme, lammou.
Ouvre lapott ba moin."

"Rap, rap, rap! Who knocks there?
It is I, myself, love,
Open the door to me."

Is it any wonder one goes back?

BOND STREET TO BUCKINGHAM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

That's where the Queen has her garden-parties. And now we are in the Mall, where the long line of cars stands for hours in the twilight on the night of a "Court" and the huge crowd gazes in at the windows of the automobiles, discussing the ladies who are going to Court as though they were wax models in a shop-window. A sensitive girl would have to stuff cotton wool in her ears, because, if she had so much as a tiny mole on her chin, thousands of people in London that night would discuss it.

Yes, that's the Admiralty Arch, and the middle gate is always closed because only the King passes that way. On the left are the grand houses of Carlton House Terrace—but I was talking to you about restaurants. You must remember the Apéritif in Jermyn Street, which is a new little restaurant where all the young people sitting around the walls are great swells—perfect examples of what the "gay young people" of London are like. And, believe it or not, they are the gayest young people in the world. You can go here if you are not dressed (there are few nice places in London where one can go not dressed in the evening), and you can also go to the Grill-Room of the Quaglino not dressed, and dance, too.

SHOPPING ORGY

There is nothing I like to do so much as shop. When I can't afford it any longer myself, I like to make other people shop. (Their money burns my pocket.) So you might as well give in now, and accept the fact that you are going to shop and shop and shop with me, while you're in London.

Of course, I like the National Gallery and the British Museum. But we can go to them on the way between Selfridge's and lunching at Simpson's. I should never forgive myself if you did not (because of my desire to shop, run off to lunch, and shop again) see the great room in the National Gallery, which is hung with only a few great Gainsboroughs, Lawrences, and equally great pictures arranged so that you can really enjoy them. And the wealth of the British Museum is absolutely astonishing. The Egyptian things are fabulous, and the Elgin Marbles will leave you speechless.

But here we are at Selfridge's. And I must bore you by telling you that it has always been my theory that if one goes to see the biggest department stores in any city, one can gauge the prosperity, taste, and standard of life of that city from what one finds within. Selfridge's would be a marvellous shop even in New York. And it has something that no big shop in New York has—the charm of a tiny specialty shop. The people who serve you are so divinely polite! The woman upstairs in the sweater department is a revelation. She produces innumerable Shetland cardigans—and if you don't buy one, she isn't angry. She is a very sympathetic creature—and there are six million others like her in London. (In another minute, you will buy the sweater and give it to her.)

Come over here and look at the maids' uniforms. Wouldn't you like to have your housemaids dressed like that? They all are in England—and for next to nothing, too. And the children's department here is very good. (But I have other good addresses for children's clothes, which are, as you know, famous in England.)

The ice-cream soda-fountain at Selfridge's is wonderful and would save any American from the slightest touch of homesickness. In fact, there is everything in this shop. They claim that they can get anything in the world for you, even if they haven't got it in stock. I am sure it is true. I am certain that if you asked for an airplane it would be delivered to you to-morrow morning, either in pieces or put together, just as you wish.

The other great shop (they call them "stores" here) is Harrods. Here, the departments for chauffeurs' livery, nursemaids' uniforms, and household furnishings are perfection. And the men's wear department is unusually good.

You must also go to the famous Army and Navy Stores, which were formerly open only to the people of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service who had "cards" allowing them to buy there. It is a sort of gigantic canteen, and a great mail-order house, as well. But now, you and I can shop there, too. And if we don't buy anything, we can imbibe the atmosphere, which you will find frightfully English. You can imagine you are the Colonel's daughter.

Of course, the shops that will amuse you most are the specialty shops, the little shops that are so typical of London. Here, every one orders everything specially made, except a few things, such as sweaters, which can be had at once if the sizes fit. No smart man, for example, ever buys his shirts, shoes, evening waistcoats—nor his clothes, for that matter, "ready-to-wear" in London. He has everything made for him. And it is the same with the women. But I will not deal here with the shops for women's clothes, for there is a directory for this sort of shopping in London on page 16f.

LONDON SPECIALTY SHOPS

Next, we will go to Hugo, 9 Warren Street, Soho. Now, hold your breath—because this is the super-luxe junk-shop of the world. When I call it a junk-shop, I don't wish to do Mr. Hugo an injustice, for he has most amusing and unusual *objets d'art*. But it *looks* like a junk-shop, because it's so crowded with things, and the choice is so endless. He has the most wonderful collection of porcelain cabbages in the world. In fact, he has more porcelains than anything else, though you may find anything in this sea of objects. After you have collected yourself from the first shock of seeing all these exotic things, you can concentrate on selecting yourself a decoration for the dinner-table or the mantelpiece. And you will be the envy of everybody you know forever afterwards.

Another address that is a great "find" is Dimmocks' antique shop at 45 Beauchamp Place. Here, you will find everything in old wood—beautiful bowls, old corn measures, those wooden pears that some people collect, trays, silver (Continued on page 90)



At close range—your skin, even if it's a *very dry* skin, can soon have the *exquisite, dewy, supple* texture of a young girl's! For *Nurimor*—Marie Earle's newest gift to dry, drawn, "crepey" faces—possesses precious elements that replenish natural beauty oils. More remarkable still, *Nurimor* boasts a completeness of absorption hitherto unknown, so that the skin quickly benefits by its extremely penetrative, choice ingredients. Only two weeks' use of *Nurimor* will prove this. $5 and $8.50—at the better shops.



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BOND STREET TO BUCKINGHAM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89)

baskets—that can all be adapted to modern uses. The sight of this beautiful, old, polished, gleaming wood makes a much greater effect than if there were only a piece here and there among other things—for it is a shop that specializes in wood.

FEATHER FLOWERS

Have you ever seen really beautiful feather flowers? Well, if you have, they probably came from Jac, 1 Saint Christopher's Place, who makes the loveliest things of the kind I have ever seen. You say you don't like artificial flowers? Nor do I—very much. But, at my suggestion, a friend bought last winter from Jac two feather-flower trees about a foot and a half high—they were actually magnolia-trees—to fill two porphyry vases on a mantelpiece, which during the winter would not be filled with real flowers because of the fire. They were an enormous success, as well as a great economy.

Speaking of flowers, there is a unique shop in Burlington Gardens called "Flower Decorations," run by the famous Mrs. Spry, who does decorations in flowers for all the smart hostesses in London. She comes to the house with her flowers and arranges them herself. And, as she is a great artist, the result is beyond anything we usually see. The last time a friend of mine profited by one of her ideas, it was in the form of a small pottery vase, painted white, crammed full with sprays of white gardenias. Every day, she arranges the flowers in the windows of Atkinson, the scent-maker next door. And no passer-by ever fails to look in the windows and linger over the bouquets. Here, you can buy the famous "winter bouquets" made of dried white and beige things—branches of skeleton leaves and trailing mosses on weird-shaped branches—that all her clientele use for winter decorations.

Do you like old jewellery? Then we will go to see James Ogden in Duke Street. You'll lose your mind there. And as for the old silver at Crichton's, 22 Old Bond Street—that will be your Waterloo. Speaking of old silver makes me think of the knives and forks with white porcelain handles at Sybil Colefax's, 24 Bruton Street. They are copies of old ones—among the best copies I have ever seen—and frightfully cheap. Of course, one can find old ones, but usually only old knives with white porcelain handles, and seldom in sufficient quantity. Just next door is the lovely shop of The Society of Herbalists. In the window, you will see enormous round band-boxes marked "Lavender" and "Potpourri" and little dishes spread with pine and lime powder for the bath. Just go and see what you find inside!

Then I will walk you through the Burlington Arcade to my favourite scent shop—Floris, in Jermyn Street. But en route, let's go through the Burlington Arcade, where you will find window after window filled with sweaters and ties and shoes and dog-collars and hunting stocks and gloves, the tobacconist's shop, the stationer's, and Heaven knows what not. Here, people stroll as they did in the eighteenth century, shopping under cover, in a sort of Occidental edition of an Oriental bazaar. The arcades of London are famous, and persist with time, changing less than any other aspect of London.

Take my arm and we will dash across Piccadilly—remember not to look the wrong way, for the traffic is just the reverse here—, and we will walk through the Piccadilly Arcade opposite and look in at Hawes and Curtis—absolutely the last word in what men should wear. (With evening waistcoats from Hawes and Curtis and toilet-water from Floris, a man has achieved the last word in masculine elegance.) Though Floris started out to be a man's scent shop, the women soon discovered it. If you smell their "Roman Hyacinth," their "Rose Geranium," and their "Honeysuckle"—you'll agree that they are far too good for mere men.

By now, you are convinced that I am a materialist. Well, just to prove that that is not entirely so, we will put off going to the White House (the linen shop in Bond Street where I wanted to show you the new tablecloths and the new muslin sheets with striped borders), and I will take you to the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields and show you Christopher Wren's plan for remodelling London, after the Great Fire. No, they never did it. But wouldn't it be fun to see what it would have been like, if they had? It would be laid out like Paris. And to-night you are going to have your mind improved by seeing a performance of "Macbeth" at the "Old Vic" (Waterloo Road). At this theatre—and at Sadler's Wells, two old and out-of-the-way theatres of London—are given all the classics, both the old plays and old operas. And they are given so well that you are likely never to see them better anywhere to-day.

WE GO TO THE ZOO

If you are very good, I'll take you to the Zoo. It is the most colourful and amusing spot in London. I love the children riding on the elephants and the pony-cart drawn by a llama. But the polar bears are the best show of all. Their keeper, for a tip, will make them dive for food and sit still on their hind legs while you photograph them. You can put sixpence in a slot-machine which automatically throws fish to the seals, who jump beautifully for it. There are hundreds of children at the Zoo every day, and they are not the least part of a good show.

And you must do all the correct things, like going to the opera—for the opera in London is a great sight. The women look really splendid. If you have any luck, you will see the Queen, who goes very often. She looks so regal, sitting there in her box, that you'll blink your eyes and say, "Is it possible that I am living in 1934?" The opera in London isn't stuffy, as it is in so many places, for all the gay young people go. I don't know whether it is a gesture of respectability, or hidden yearnings for something other than jazz, that attracts them.

You should not leave without seeing an old-fashioned English music-hall. Alas, there are not many of them left. But there (Continued on page 91)

BOND STREET TO BUCKINGHAM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90)

are still two, The Palladium and the Victoria Palace. The English music-hall artist isn't just funny, he is really brilliant. (If you don't laugh, there is something wrong with your sense of humour.) And the audience loves these old music-hall artists. Londoners make the best theatre audience in the world, for they are faithful and never forget any one—the actor's idea of perfection.

CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

What about children's clothes? Now you are in England, here is your golden opportunity. Let's go first to the "Treasure Cot," 103 Oxford Street, where there is everything for tiny children. Then to Daniel Neal's in Portman Square, where you can dress the whole family, from Mary, aged two, to William Oliver Stanley, junior, aged fourteen. (And the clothes are so smart you will regret you are not a child again, yourself.) Also, don't forget to look into Smith in Sloane Street, Fortnum and Mason's department for children, and Rowe of Bond Street—all for children's clothes.

I really think you ought to see Haynes, The Chintz Shop in Spring Street. It has all the latest chintzes—thousands of patterns. Also, all the new stitched and quilted chintzes, and even wall-papers and other materials for decoration, as well as beautiful models made up for curtains.

As you know, London is as famous for its men's shops as Munich for its beer or Rome for its churches. They are, so to speak, only the sample rooms of the great men's clothing industry of England. Since it is the custom here to order everything specially made, the things one sees in the shops, for the most part, are only models from which to take orders. And most of the shops specialize in one particular thing, which has brought them fame. For example, Hawes and Curtis in Jermyn Street have become famous for their evening waistcoats and, just lately, for their new soft evening shirts to wear with a dinner-jacket in the country. Douglas, in Bond Street, is known for its leather gilets, to wear in place of sweaters for every sort of sport. Moykopf, in the Burlington Arcade, has invented the moccasin shoe, with heel and sole, to wear in the country after coming in from hunting—it is a sort of daytime pump. And Anderson and Sheppard, famous tailors, have invented a new pair of evening dress trousers to wear with white mess-jackets in summer (with a wide belt attached, like a Spanish dancer's trousers).

Yes, I am aware of the fact that you must have your hair done. And there is a shop of famous Antoine right around the corner for you. But he is not the only one, for there are "Taura" in Grafton Street and "Francis" of 3 Hanover Square. They are all very good hair-dressers—and any one of them will give you a cup of tea. Then, I think you ought to know about "Cyclax," 58 South Molton Street. This is the beauty shop which makes the beauty preparations that have kept the Englishwoman's skin pink and white, in far-off India, Abyssinia, and points East, for generations. (And no women in the world have the pink-and-white skins that Englishwomen have.) If you want to have your nails manicured, you must go to Miss Morgan, in Old Bond Street. I can't tell you why, but you must. Under the Dorchester Hotel, there is a perfect "sausage mill" of beauty where you can have wax baths, gymnasium, massage, and a list of things as long as your arm, and come away looking so beautiful that you will make a sensation even among "Les Girls" at the Dorchester to-night.

You *must* see "Les Girls" at the Dorchester. We will go there to supper, and you can refresh your memory about those beautiful American legs (which I will admit you have not seen as often lately as those beautiful English complexions). "Les Girls" aren't really any better than most of the girls I have seen in cabarets, but they seem to have made a big hit with the smart young men in London—and so it is really to see the audience, more than the girls, that we will go there.

LONDON NIGHT-LIFE

London night-life is not at all like night-life in Paris—which is, traditionally, very wicked and Bohemian (though it has not been so, actually, since the War). Night-life in London, at the smart places, is more like being at a private party than "out on the town." Everybody knows everybody else—if they don't, they won't go back to that place again. For example, you have heard of the Embassy Club (really a Club, to which one must belong). Well, it has been going since about 1910 or 1911, I think—and is still going strong. Before the War, it used to be called the "Four Hundred Club"; after the War, it became the Embassy Club, and continued as before. I don't doubt that our grandchildren will be going there just as we do to-day. Of course, I can get you into the Embassy. But, you ask, what would a foreigner do who did not belong? Well, if he did not have a friend to put him up, he would go to the Manager of his hotel and say, "I want to have a temporary membership to the Embassy Club"—and it could, somehow, be arranged.

Ciro's Club is one of the most fashionable of all the clubs. Its present success (Ciro's also, has existed in London for years) is largely due to Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby, two of the smartest young women in London society, who decided to make Ciro's a go—and everybody followed them. There are two other places like this (not clubs) which have had an equal success, for they, too, have been taken up by smart people who have a following. One is the Café de la Paix, in Swallow Street, and the other Monseigneur, in Piccadilly. So, if you want to see night-life, go where the smart crowd is. Otherwise, there isn't any real night-life in London—in the Paris meaning of the words. Night-life in London is supper-life—everybody sits down to a good square meal at midnight. It is a necessity, like tea or coffee. If there happens to be dancing or entertainers, so much the better. But the crowd has come, first of all, for its supper.



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ENGLAND IN SEASON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

same as any classic flat race that gentlemen attend in top-hats. But to understand the true significance of this momentous event in the holiday lives of all middle- and lower-class English people, one must elbow into a place on the rails, preferably at Tattenham Corner. From this bit of high ground, one is presented with a unique spectacle of massed humanity. And floating above this horde, as far as the eye can reach, are the gaudy banners of ten thousand bookies—each bookie on a soap box; each with a heavy leather purse slung from his shoulder; each yelling endlessly, without thought of breath or vocal chords, "Six to one against the field!" Through the swaying turmoil of the crowd weave the minstrels—tawdry beggars, black-faced, or bedraggled pierrots, picking their banjos and singing Chevalier's still-beloved tunes. Let us put our two "bob" on the big race with Honest John Horner of Newmarket, and, if we lose, we can keep his big pink ticket as a souvenir. Then a cup of tea in the nearest white tent. All right, and a sixpence to the gipsy who said we had a lucky face. Blimey! ain't it a loevely day!

For contrast, we shall, a few weeks later, put on our tail-coat (cutaway to you), and a pearl-grey waistcoat, and a pearl-grey top-hat. Our lady will slip on a white organdie evening gown, the ruffled hem of which will dust the ground. She will shade her bright, expectant face with an im- (Continued on page 94)

SHOP-HOUND TIPS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71)

for egoists. (It costs very little, less than $1, in fact.)

• Good news and big news: the Gordon Hosiery Company got a grand idea and worked it right out with the most satisfying results. Why not a bathing-suit of pure silk thread woven on a stocking machine? Wait until you see what came out instead of stockings—a bathing-suit so soft, so elastic, so lovely it beggars description. It clings like your finest stockings, but is made double, so that you will never be haunted by the fear of transparency. And the colours are—simply—luscious. At Best's, for about $10.

• One of the best games I have ever found is kodaking as you go. It's a great way to improve on history. You can keep all of your successes and throw into the discard all of your failures. Eastman, with the new Six-20 camera, makes picture-taking easy for even a dumb bunny like me. (Heretofore, I have always had to take a professional snapper along with me.) Now, with the new finder on Eastman's Six-20, I get extraordinary results. All of this efficiency is put up in very compact form—easy to look at, easy to carry, and easy to use. At all Eastman Kodak shops for about $17.50.

• If you who are tennis stars, arrived or in the making, want the last word in tennis frocks, travel right up to Kathleen's (118 East Sixtieth Street) and see what a thoroughgoing job she has done. For example, she has a little number made of tubbable white silk jersey with knee-length shorts and little panties underneath. The top is double, with a brassière worked in, and the closing is done with a slide fastener at the side. (This costs about $22.50.) To play in when there is a chill in the air, she suggests pale blue shorts of Oxford cloth (like your menfolks' pet shirts), also knee length, worn with a bright red Lastex jersey that will keep you neither too warm nor too cool. This is shatteringly chic. (At about $15.) For the older woman, there is beauty in classic white, in the still more classic shirt-waist style with cap sleeves (cut to give freedom) and a full skirt. (About $21.50.) Or, if you don't want sleeves, Kathleen has one dress of striped piqué that is sleeveless, but not too much so, with a high turn-over collar in front, a deep-cut back that by some paradox doesn't slip off, and a skirt that is amply full. (About $11.75.) This is just the beginning of her surprising collections.

• Beach shoes—don't toss aside too lightly that highly decorative part of your summer wardrobe. Go to Slater's new shop (575 Madison Avenue), and put your foot problems in their capable hands. This is what I saw and loved: a Mexican sandal with an upper of very special, giddy, yet hazy coloured raffia loops plus a sole of leather and a heel of wood. About $3.35, and the perfect fillip for a beach costume. The utility beach shoes at Slater's have a brazen quality in their make-up that will give you a brand-new conception of what plain out-and-out beach shoes can be. The tops are double loops of tape that edge your foot and are laced with more tape—these can be had in any colour. They are made with leather soles for about $2.35, and with crêpe soles for about $2.65. Another unhackneyed idea from the realm of whimsy: tapes again, laced through holes in giddy coloured leather that covers your instep; and tapes lined up like little soldiers marching around your heel. I saw these in blue with red lacing—most chic and costing only about $4. I can't resist talking of Slater's adaptation of the Cuban Jai-Alai shoe—those shoes with rubber soles that are almost bouncy. These cost about $4.85.

• Come summer, the frocks you bought so proudly in the spring are beginning to look a bit wilted. A new print frock to run into town in and an organza evening dress will act like monkey glands to your wardrobe. I found, at James McCreery's, The Couturier Shop—set apart and away in this busy place—where you can pick up the duckiest dresses you ever saw. Hand-blocked prints, starched nets, thin-as-air organzas—a really surprising collection of hand-picked clothes. The shop is restful, the service quiet and efficient, the prices start at about $39.50 and stop at about $110. Make a note of The Couturier Shop—I rate it a *Find.*

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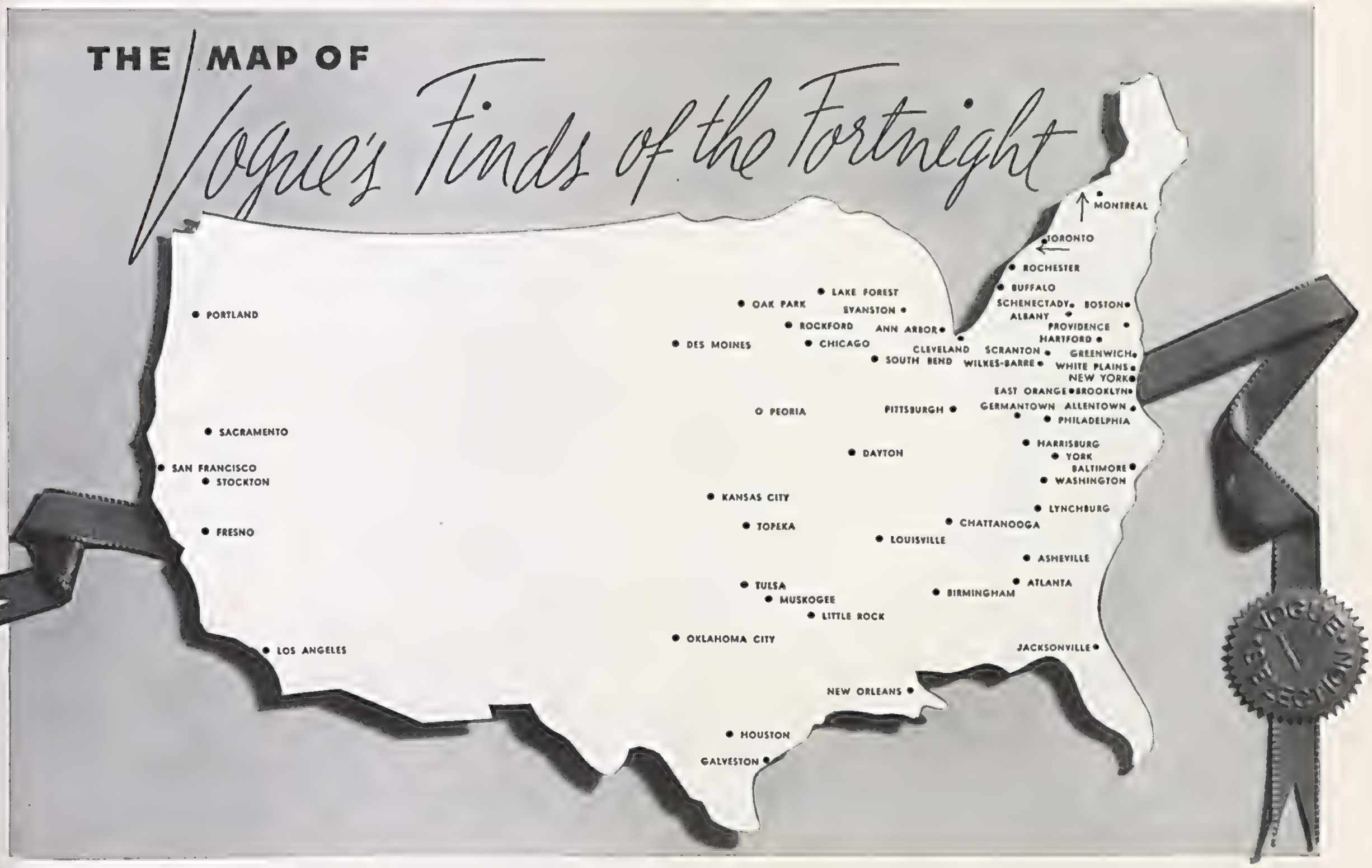
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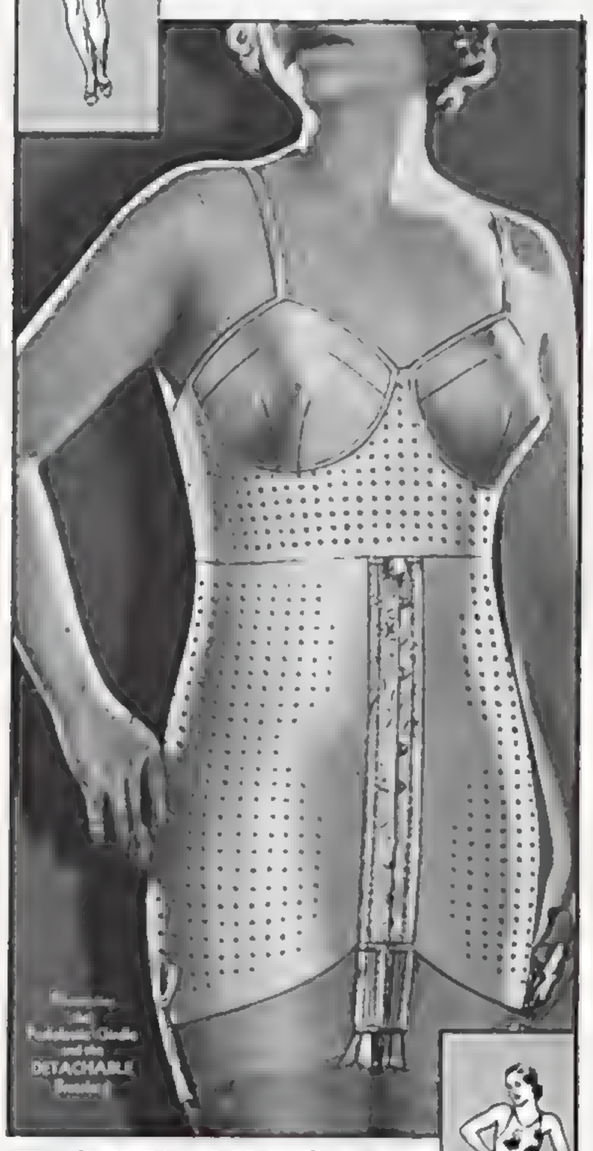
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ENGLAND IN SEASON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92)

mense and flopping hat, and she will cover her naked arms with long lace gloves. Together, we shall motor sedately and uncomfortably to Ascot, for this is Gold Cup Day, and enter, thanks to our attentive embassy, through the gate that is marked "Royal Enclosure."

That uncomfortable feeling of being overdressed will vanish the moment we step on to the broad green lawns, for we will find ourselves but two inconspicuous beings among thousands clad in precisely the same fashion. We shall cross the paddock to the mauve-and-white striped tent in which the Marlborough Club will serve us a princely luncheon of galantines and mousses and champagne cups, amidst banks of flowers and silent, elderly waiters. We shall gulp our demi-tasses and rush back to see the blinding pageant of Their Majesties' arrival.

ROYAL PAGEANT

Slowly, down the emerald carpet of the race-course, their state coaches advance—outriders and postilions in bright scarlet and gold, with white wigs under black velvet caps; the prancing, caparisoned greys, impatient at the slowness of the pace; the Queen, unruffled, imperious; the King, genial, smiling, and bobbing his hat to both sides of the course in acknowledgment of the discreet applause. And after the royal coach, at least six more, filled with bored princes and complacent ladies and lords in waiting. The gates of the "Enclosure" swing open; they wheel and file in, disappearing behind the grand stand. In a few minutes, the royal passengers reappear, framed by the circle of blue hydrangeas of their box, and all day they will remain with us, laughing, chatting, spying through binoculars, and bustling into tea—all in a manner so conventionally human that one's Hans Andersen illusions are forever shattered. Let us wander about and ogle the peers and maharajas. Let us put a "fiver" on the King's horse with Mrs. Verney of Ladbroke's. Let us have a bottle of Pommery at the champagne bar. My word, what a charming day!

In the same week, we shall go to Aldershot. Our car will pull in to our neatly appointed parking space just as dusk is falling. A boy scout will be assigned by the ticket taker to show us to our seats in the great semicircular stand. In ten minutes, the Tattoo will begin. Below us, above us, on each side of us are ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-eight people waiting in awed silence for the darkness which means the curtain for this stupendous spectacle. The broad field in front is flanked on all sides by black forests. Emerging from the woods, in the far background, is a stately grey castle, with towers, battlements, and lowered portcullis. You will not believe it when your neighbour whispers that it is only a scenic shell. Now, semi-darkness has descended, and the ominous silence is suddenly broken by the clear, mournful note of a bugle. The long beam of a red search-light pierces the gloom and comes to rest on the castle gate. The portcullis lifts, the great doors swing wide, and, with a thundering roll of drums, the massed bands of sixteen regiments pour forth onto the field. As their ranks spread, search-light after search-light spots the widening line until one great glittering band advances towards us to the tweet of fife and the rumble of drum. Four hundred resplendent musicians, in geometric pattern, halt in mid-field. A tiny platform is rolled out, and an officer-conductor, baton in hand, mounts like Orpheus to take his command. There is a great hush as his arms are raised aloft, and then, with overpowering solemnity of tone, the mellow brasses proclaim the national hymn, while, like great breakers surging on an ocean beach, one hundred thousand people rise in salute. Good Lord, what a glorious night!

Annually, on June 4, Eton College celebrates the birthday of King George, the Third. It is the day when parents and friends forgather at the school to see its embryonic Tories perform their antique rites. There are two major divisions of the undergraduate body: the Dry Bobs, who play cricket, and the Wet Bobs, who row. Daylight is reserved for the Dry Bobs. A green field shimmering in the sun and framed by the welcome shade of canopied elms. White splashes on the field—cricketers, poised and intent upon the endless adagio of their ballet. Seated under the elms, a fanning, mopping, disinterested audience—mothers, sisters, sweethearts in organdies, chiffons, and bright prints; reminiscent fathers and critical older brothers; the low hum of their continuous chatter, like insects in August heather. Behind their chairs, the slow procession of the thirsty towards the inevitable striped marquee where gallons of lukewarm tea and pretty, tasteless cakes are served.

BOATING WEATHER

The night is for the Wet Bobs. A gentle lawn sloping to the river's edge. Lombardy poplars against the dusk. A white moon hanging over Windsor. Behind us, the silhouette of castellated Eton. The firefly dance of a thousand cigarettes reflected in the dark water. The incessant, rippling laughter of well-fed people accompanied by the syncopations of a tireless band. Some one calls, "Here they come!" All eyes down-stream for a brief, silent moment. Search-lights flash on the river, and the dark ribbon of water is split by a thin centipede. Closer it comes. The feet are oars. A laughing cheer. "The Ark! The Ark!" It flashes by. Unskilled oarsmen in flowered straw hats splash bravely on. The cox is hidden by a huge admiral's hat. Then, cleanly and gracefully, come the proper boats—the *Monarch*, the *Defiance*, the *Victory*, and others, all with proud Georgian names. The white satin lapels of the oarsmen's jackets flash in the search-light beam as they sway rhythmically back and forth. Each boat has its special cheer of friendliness, or memory. By our side, an old man's breaking voice whispers, "That was my boat!" A loud report from the opposite bank. Out of the blackness shoots a comet of fire. A long-drawn "Aaaaaah!" I say, what jolly boating weather! (Continued on page 95)

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ENGLAND IN SEASON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94)

And so on redundantly. The Brigade of Guards trooping their colours in honour of the King's birthday on Whitehall Parade. The evenings when Court will be held in Buckingham Palace; when limousines, filled with nervous ladies and giggling girls, will line the Mall. The final day at Wimbledon when the tense faces of the King and Queen, and whatever visiting royalty will happen to occupy their box, will watch the even tenser faces of two fighting players in their historic duel. The long sunlight evenings when the shops are closed, and on every Mayfair street hatless and overcoatless young men emerge from Queen Anne doorways in dress suits, immaculately formed white ties, and crimson-carnationed buttonholes. The receptions that glisten with jewelled decorations and beads of perspiration. The débutante balls where the débutantes have to wait until three in the morning before their prancing elders leave them room enough to dance. And everywhere, the English girl who boasts of her love-affairs, the American girl who boasts that she knows Prince George, the Englishman who boasts of his empire, the Frenchman who boasts of his gold, the American who boasts of his codes.

Too soon will come the Grand Finale. A card from the Lord Chamberlain announcing that "Their Majesties have commanded me to invite Mr. Hezekiah Zulch to a Garden-Party." A day of stifling heat, perhaps, but, nevertheless, your morning coat and top-hat once more. You won't mind the discomfort when your taxi drives you through the gates of Buckingham Palace. The thrill that comes once in a lifetime! You feel like raising your hat to the crowd of watchers—that same crowd of which you had, on countless other occasions, been such an eager and impressionable member. The lingering walk through the red-carpeted halls with many a surreptitious glance at the portraits above the austere footmen's heads. The great sun-strewn lawn sprinkled with parasols and gaily flowered prints. Again the striped marquees for tea. Again the regimental band blowing its Victorian waltz. And there, before the royal canopy, a white line upon the grass—a white line beyond which, though there are no ropes nor policemen, no one but royalty passes.

And then, dear children, we shall come back to our cabin and live happily ever after on a devalued dollar.

KENTUCKY DERBY, 1934

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

bet on Plumage in the fourth race—all this is part of Friday afternoon, and one of the pleasantest ways to spend an afternoon in May. There is always a party to go to afterwards, and this is the party that really lays the foundation for your Derby. It's in the house and on the lawn, and you meet everybody you know in Louisville and somebody you saw a week ago in New York. A coloured band plays, and a little old butler, who looks like a mandarin with his yellow skin, long coat, and little black silk cap, reverently sees that all is well with the guests.

Home, then, with a cloud of indecision hanging in your mind as to which horse will win to-morrow. So many people have told you of at least five different ones that must *not* be overlooked, pleasant people who have all said confidently in parting, "See you to-night."

Later, you see them at the River Valley Club. You don't realize, at night, that this little white house on the river bank, huddled behind a great wall of shrubs, is to be the throbbing centre of your activities for two days to come. When you come up-stairs to dance, you see two people you were very fond of one summer at Aix and a girl with whom you played bridge last Tuesday, in New York. You remember, after hours of dancing, that you are hungry, and eat supper. Then you sit on the terrace, where it's really very cool and almost quiet, and look down at the river. Some one informs you it's the Ohio and the greatest body of water that flows into the Mississippi. That seems reasonable, even though you think of it as a statement slightly tinged with local pride. People are getting into boats and going up the river. The women all look pretty and graceful as they trail down the steps in their long dresses, holding them up a little and stepping with great care.

The important thing about Saturday is to remember to eat. There is *such* excitement, *such* speculation, *such* getting up late and hurrying to breakfasts. And, on a huge tray, there are silver cups of juleps with mint making a green frill at the top and ice coating the cups like a winter's frost. Then, the Downs, where every one who loves a race has assembled for the event that all this has been building up to. This great mass of people suddenly grows quiet and calm; they are suppressing within themselves their excitement and pride. It seems an age until the bugle calls Cavalcade and Discovery and Mata Hari, and all the rest, onto the track. They are all beautiful, and, as they run, the crowd cheers them on—Mata Hari running with all her heart, but Cavalcade winning the race nobly and well.

By Sunday, you simply can't stand it unless you see a lot of people who feel just as you do—about everything. They all seem to, and it couldn't be more fun, this wandering from one terrace and lawn to another. And, at last, you meet a mind-reader at the River Valley, who asks you home to supper to eat steak and broiled tomatoes and coffee.

The river has turned black; the white syringa blossoms pick up lights from the house; good-bys are murmured; and people melt away. It is nice to be quiet and hear no more music—only country sounds. It is over. To-morrow, the visitors will all be gone, and the natives of Louisville will, according to an old custom, settle down again to enjoy *themselves.*

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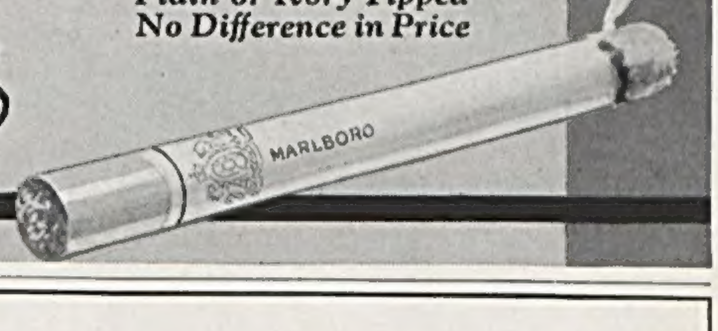
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